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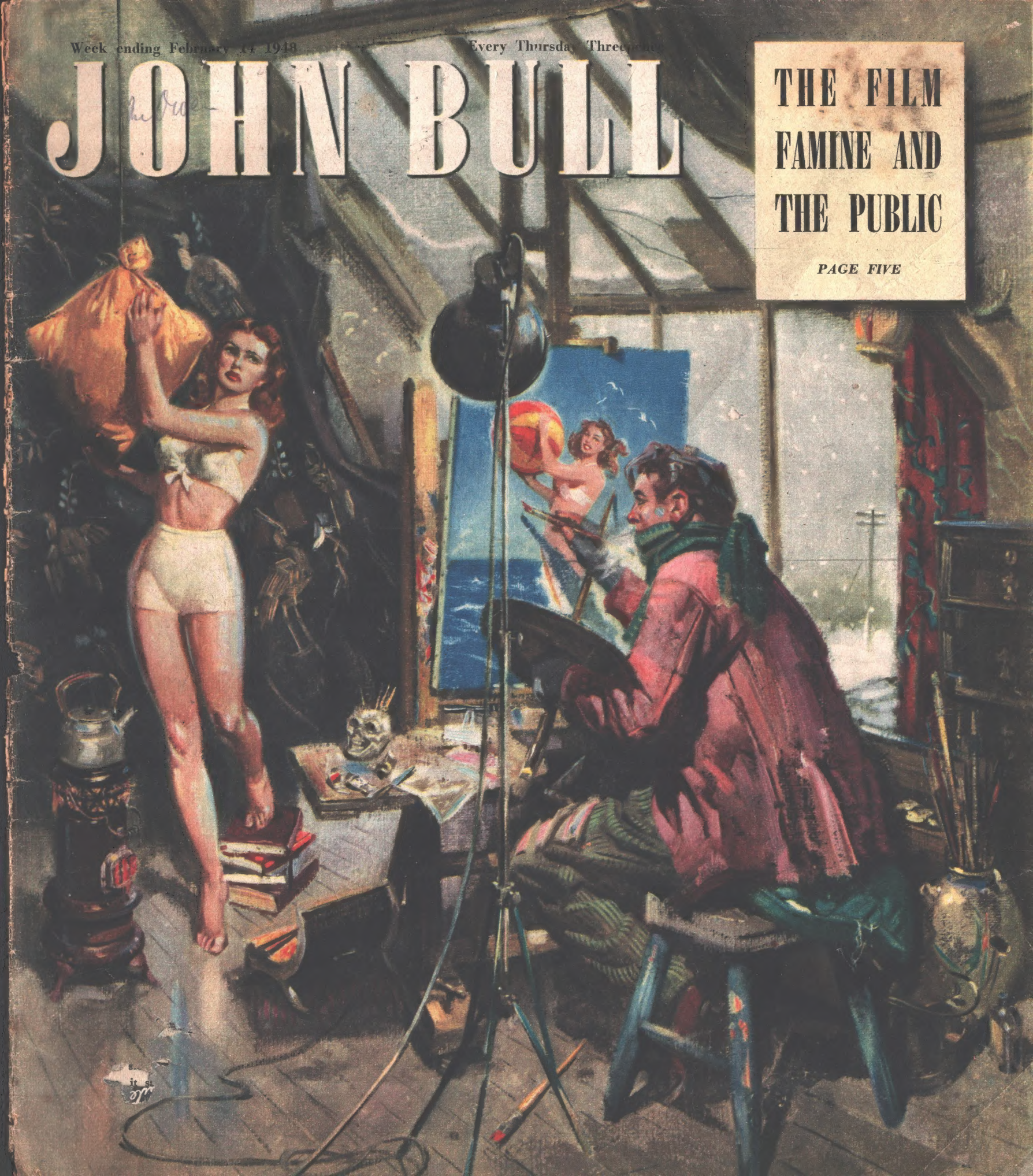
JOHN BULL

THE FILM FAMINE AND THE PUBLIC

PAGE FIVE



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FEBRUARY 14, 1948 VOLUME 83 NUMBER 2172

Clothes and the Woman

IN MANY HOMES this week and next women are carefully planning a shopping expedition for Monday, March 1. On that day the next batch of twenty-four clothing coupons become valid—and if you don't need any clothes there are always curtains and household linen to buy.

Most people will want clothes and will have to let the household linen go; which means letting their homes get a little shabbier and a little nearer that awful day when everything seems to be worn out at once.

How is it that we are still so short of cloth and everything that is made from it? After all, in the first World War clothes were never rationed at all; yet here we are, two and a half years after the second World War, *still* rationed, and even threatened with possible cuts in the meagre ration!

It comes back, of course, to the dollar crisis, the gap between exports and imports—and the hard fact that our textile industries are nearly as unpopular with workers as the coal industry was becoming two years ago.

Many experts have already studied and denounced the chaotic state of Lancashire cotton. There is no need for more recriminations about the past. We must, instead, find ways of pushing up textile production so that the export target can be reached and the home market satisfied, too.

It depends a lot on women, who were always the mainstay of the mills. It is no good Sir Stafford Cripps or anybody else blaming modern women because so many of them won't go to work under the old conditions. Nor is it any good describing a clean modern mill in order to lure a girl into what she soon finds is a dirty old mill.

We must instead find the labour and materials to bring the old places up to date and so remove women's dislike of mill work. In short, Sir Stafford, don't talk to women in general terms and statistics, but as if you were trying to persuade every millgirl to marry you. And don't forget the box of chocolates and the bunch of flowers!

Prices and Profits

SHOPKEEPERS ARE MAKING three and four times as much profit as before the war, according to Douglas Houghton, of the Inland Revenue Staff Federation. Whether this allegation is true or not, many housewives will be inclined to agree.

Here let us point out that JOHN BULL is not against the making of higher profits—providing they are justified by harder work and better service.

We agree that shopkeepers, like other sections of the community, are entitled to bigger incomes these days, to cover their bigger expenses. Some of them may, perhaps, have done a little too well out of our shortages. But is this entirely their fault? It is not.

The Government must take a share of the blame. By basing price controls and profit margins too much on the performances of the inefficient they have indirectly penalized the efficient.

Mr. Houghton and his income tax trade unionists are calling for a probe into retailers' profits. Quite right, but why not first things first? The start should be at the Government end, in the Ministry of Food, the Board of Trade and the other Ministries concerned.

In the case of food, especially, controlled prices could be brought into line with reasonable profits by a thorough overhaul of distribution and marketing machinery. This is where a lot of the money now goes, at the expense of both producer and consumer.

The real cost of living could be brought down with advantage to everybody and hardship only to parasitical "middlemen" if the Government took a strong line and *insisted* on efficient and economical marketing.

Why Swiss Holidays?

NOW THAT SWITZERLAND, a hard currency country, has been put on the list of places where one can go for holidays this year, some people are pleased but many more are annoyed.

Holidays abroad, say the grumblers, are all very well for those who like them and can afford them—but restoration of petrol for our cars and motor bikes is far more urgent.

Certainly, for everyone who will cross the Channel, there must be a dozen people with at least a share in a car. Should they not be considered first, especially as a £35-holiday costs our foreign exchange account much more than a whole summer's basic motoring?

The answer is that holidays abroad this year are not being arranged solely for our benefit—although British tourists will enjoy them all the more because of restrictions at home. They are being arranged partly to help the European countries.

Even wealthy Switzerland, let alone the impoverished nations which were battlegrounds, needs tourist trade to help her reconstruction.

We may be sure that the limited amount of travel now sanctioned will help the Swiss more than it hurts us.

As for petrol, the absolute dollar saving claimed by the Government has largely silenced the outcry about basic suspension. Protests are, however, sure to be revived in the spring, and the Minister of Fuel and Power will do well to be ready with the answers.

He should also be ready and willing to restore "basic" at the earliest possible moment consistent with the demands of our national economic budget.

The B.B.C.'s "Goodnight"

DURING LAST WINTER'S FUEL CRISIS the B.B.C. began voluntarily to shut down at 11 p.m. instead of midnight. Not only was power saved on transmission but all the overheads of a vast organization were reduced, too.

A year later, closing time on the air is still 11. Hostile propaganda is being put out denouncing the B.B.C., and indirectly the Government, as killjoys because our radio says "Goodnight" an hour earlier.

Yet the facts are these: although our need to save fuel is no longer as desperate as a year ago, the B.B.C.'s saving is still worth while; still a good example to the nation. Moreover, most people in Britain—especially working people — would, if pressed, admit that they normally go to bed not later than 11 p.m.

So we advise Sir William Haley and the B.B.C. Board of Governors to ignore the propaganda, and stick to the present radio time-table until very much better times are with us again.

Why the Colourscope makes you lovelier

The Lady Mary Blanger says: "The Rachel shade of Pond's Face Powder is just right for my colouring."

MOST ordinary face powder shades are blended without scientific knowledge of skin-tints—that's why they do not bring out the full beauty of your skin.

But Pond's shades are different. Under Pond's Colourscope, *a scientific shade-detector*, the complexions of hundreds of lovely girls were analyzed, and from this analysis Pond's evolved five shades—Natural, Peach, Apricot, Rachel 2, and Suntan, each one scientifically blended to bring out all the lovely hidden tints of *one* complexion type. Use the shade blended for *your* skin and see how much lovelier you'll look. In attractive new Dreamflower Box, price 4/1, 2/5½, 1/3½, inc. tax.

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This is the Gin

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Old Film that's showing again

One of the films that is to be reissued: *The Murder in Thornton Square*, starring Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman. How will audiences react?

New Film that you may not see

One of the new films that may never be shown in Britain because of the tax dispute: *Up in Central Park*, with Vincent Price and Deanna Durbin

FILM FAMINE IS HERE

by CONNERY CHAPPELL

Hollywood won't play because of our film tax, so we'll be seeing a lot of old films. But if we stick out the Austerity period, Hollywood may have to climb down

THE FILM CRISIS has been talked about for months. At first it seemed vague and few of us took it very seriously. Now it is here. A glance at the amusement guides in the newspapers proves the point; the supply of new films has practically run out, and cinemas everywhere are falling back on reissues of old pictures.

As far as the film world is concerned, austerity is really around the corner. You will find it in your local cinema.

The most remarkable thing about this crisis, surely, is that outside the film trade hardly anybody seems to have bothered much about it. It is no new thing; from the very outset it was obviously important, for six out of every ten of us go to the cinema every week, and anything which will make a radical difference to film programmes is therefore a sizable alteration in our way of life.

But despite the warnings, few of us would admit that there was anything like a real crisis. Everyone was somehow positive that a solution would be found, and that by the early spring of 1948 at the latest, the whole thing would be pleasantly and satisfactorily solved.

Well, it has not been solved. The cinemas of this country are going on their iron rations, and there are already signs that the people who pay at the box office—and they are much more important than the film magnates in the long run—are not satisfied to go to the cinema as a matter of course. They want to know what they are getting.

The story of the deadlock that has caused the film crisis is not a simple one. It has often been told, but seldom accurately. Bits and pieces have been withheld and few of us have a really clear picture of what exactly has happened. Here is a concise history of the dispute which has led to the present situation.

In August last year the British Government, faced with an acute shortage of dollars, and with a grave economic position on its hands, decided to impose a tax whereby overseas film producers would pay fifteen shillings in the pound on every penny they earned in the British market.

Quite obviously, this tax was designed to caulk up the leakage of £17,000,000 worth of dollars that we used to spend on Hollywood films. Owing to certain complicated trade agreements, it was not possible for Britain to impose the tax against Hollywood as such. It had to be clamped on all overseas films, to the intense annoyance of the Australians, who were depending on us to help them develop a film production industry, and the French, who send us a small number of pictures mainly shown in "specialized" cinemas.

To say that Hollywood howled with rage is to put it very mildly. Big American companies, who have a protective society called the Motion Picture Association of America, met together and decided to boycott the British market as an immediate protest. No new American pictures were to be sent to this country.

The tax, which first appeared to be a very simple one, had many unexpected consequences. It upset the whole economy on which Hollywood's success has been based. Britain is by far the largest foreign market enjoyed by the American film industry, and the yearly profits of the huge Hollywood companies are roughly represented by the cash they take from this country. Hence the extreme annoyance.

So a tax imposed in Whitehall had a sharp reaction in California, 6,000 miles away. The movie magnates decided on immediate economies and in far Hollywood they sacked a number of technicians. The axe that fell at the studios was one wielded originally by Sir Stafford Cripps. Inside British cinema business, the Hollywood decision to refrain from sending new films to this country was received with horror. The ordinary cinemas keep open by playing American films. The combined product of Pinewood, Denham, Elstree and the other British studios is only a thin trickle, and is quite insufficient to keep our cinemas going on the old basis of new programmes each week.

So, faced with the withdrawal of American pictures, the cinema owners of Britain started booking up new runs of old pictures well ahead, still hoping against hope that something would crop up to break the deadlock between the Whitehall and the Hollywood view of the tax. Influential men flew urgently between London and Washington. Hundreds and thousands of words were spilled in argument.

In Wardour Street itself, the centre of the British film world, the thermometer went up and down just as though the sun was shining between clouds driven by an east wind. One minute the tax was coming off; the next, there was no hope of a settlement.

In all this, the people who really mattered, the ordinary cinemagoers, seemed to be entirely disinterested. There has always been an air of unreality about the film business and its product, and it may well be that the public looked on the Hollywood film embargo as just another story that would come right in the end.

Or could it be, as some critics have suggested, that recent Hollywood pictures have been so out of touch with the British mood and the British way of life that the public was becoming indifferent as to whether it saw some of them or not? Whatever the reason, people didn't seem to mind being deprived of something with which they had grown up, something that was as much part of their life as the morning newspaper or the afternoon cup of tea. And the pointed thing is that right up to now there has been scarcely a ripple of excitement to suggest that the public is remotely interested.

Just suppose, for the sake of argument, that a tax were imposed heavy enough to stop football pools, which can be said to appeal to about as many people as the cinema. The result, surely, would be an uproar. Just suppose that daily newspapers were taxed out of existence. The man in the street would be furious and would say so in no half measure.

Yet this film tax is as fundamental in its way: it has resulted in an embargo which will

play an important part in re-shaping the leisure of nearly all of us. But nobody among the customers seems to care very much—as yet. The reason may be simple. Possibly most of us just don't realize how urgent the problem is. Maybe we will get vocal when we see the standard of programmes sliding off.

So here we are. The reissues are going round and round, and film men are wondering how long the public will put up with the old stuff.

Wardour Street is being hit by its own high-pressure advertising methods, which are now bouncing back at it. For forty years, cinema-goers have been taught that every picture is the latest and greatest thing that ever happened.

And now, suddenly, newness has almost disappeared. Except for the trickle of films from the British studios and one or two American pictures imported just before the blow fell, the film at your local cinema won't be the latest and greatest Gable or Bergman starring vehicle; it can only be the return visit of what is no doubt still the greatest, and what was once the latest. The public, schooled to expect up-to-the-minute topicality, will soon find itself being asked to get excited about films like *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*. (Vintage, definitely prewar).

Will they go and see such pictures in large enough numbers? The answer is still a question mark. Nobody knows. It is possible that 4,700 cinemas in Britain can get by for quite a long time on American reissues and the occasional new British film.

Even Reissues are Rare

But Wardour Street, where there are some extremely knowledgeable people, is very worried. Already one film chief, noted for his foresight, is preaching the gospel that no programme may contain two top-line reissues. The big films, he argues, are as rare as gold. It would be madness, he says, to put two of them into one show.

Another important film man takes precisely the opposite view. He argues that the public will not continue paying to see one reissue. It will need two to bring the people in.

High over the New Gallery in Regent Street, a cinema known to almost everyone in Britain, sits Arthur Brown, booking chief of the Gaumont-British combine, a tall, massive Cockney in his early fifties. In Wardour Street he is known as a man who drives hard bargains. His one interest is the 240 cinemas whose programmes he fixes, and he is a key man in selecting the film bills of the next few months.

A year ago, Brown would have been signing up new pictures with the senior executives of two or three leading companies. Today he will book a pantomime here, a musical comedy there, a reissue at another place, an old British film at yet another. Meanwhile, staving off the day when he will have no new products, he does a deal for the last American film in the vaults of one of the big companies. As he does so, he knows that now the cupboard is bare.

In Golden Square, midway between Wardour Street and Regent Street, sits Jack Goodlatte, head booker of Associated British, the largest of all the circuits. Goodlatte, who is younger than Brown, is pale, blunt and forthright. Like his colleague, he spends his life booking films.

Brown and Goodlatte, Hamer and Turner, Fontaine and King, Hinge and Jones; there are a dozen more of them—the back-room men who book cinema programmes which entertain twenty-five million people every week. They are just about the unhappiest lot in Britain at the moment, these men. There may be a solution to their headaches. But if there is, they don't see it—unless the tax comes off or the Americans give in.

More important, perhaps, than the worries of the film men is the public's long-term answer to the film blockade (for that is what it really is). Hollywood has withdrawn. All right, then, what do we do about it in the long run? Do we eventually start howling, or do we get tough and refuse to care?

So far all the indications are not exactly that we don't care, but certainly that we are prepared to go without. One of the reasons why there has been no great public outcry at the withdrawal of new American films is that most of us know perfectly well we cannot afford the dollars for them—not at the pre-tax rate, anyway. The filmgoer realizes this with remarkable clarity and is presumably more ready to go without new films than some of the essentials he knows we must buy from the United States.

Furthermore, he thinks there was no *need* for Hollywood to withdraw its films. He believes the Americans should have realized our position and accepted the tax, on the grounds that twenty-five per cent revenue from Britain is better than no revenue at all.

He reads that the Americans did make counter-offers, but the film world is a complicated one, and he does not bother himself with the subtleties of the bargaining. And, after all, it is he (or she) who is likely to settle the argument, one way or the other. If the filmgoing public insists on holding out, and continues to support British cinemas existing on a slender diet of reissues, variety turns, organ recitals and as many new British films as are available, then Hollywood may yet have to think again.

New British films like *The Bad Lord Byron* (Dennis Price, Zena Marshall) would help—if there were more

DOCTORS

The men all the fuss is about; the jobs they do; their training; what they earn

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

DOCTORS AND THEIR ANSWERS to the plebiscite on the National Health Service are very much in the news. The time is not a bad one for taking a look at some facts and figures—and human realities—about the various members of a profession connected so intimately with the great personal events of everyone's life.

Best known is, of course, the general practitioner. There must be very few people who do not know one, at least professionally. He is the family doctor and a great deal is expected of him. He has to be on call at all hours of the day or night and prepared to cope with anything from a baby who may have heard about the world and is reluctant to enter it, to an elderly suicide who knows all about the world and its worries and is bent on leaving it.

Colliery doctors are general practitioners and their heroism in mining accidents is just part of the job. There is a general practitioner in Deal who makes a trip by lifeboat at least once a week to fix up some member of the crew of a ship which is too small to carry a doctor. There are scores of others whose jobs are very different from the popular conception of a doctor's work as just a round of visits alternating with sessions at the surgery.

Great patience and a sense of humour are two of the essentials for successful general practice. Imagine having 2,000 patients and being accosted in the street by a nameless face and asked to send round another bottle of the medicine that did mother so much good this time last year. That happens practically every day.

General practice offers an infinite variety of possibilities and there are 21,000 G.P.s all over the country who would be surprised and rather amused if you suggested that they might be happier as specialists. Seventeen thousand of the G.P.s have rather more than 1,000 panel patients each, on the average, and usually about half of their income comes from National Health Insurance funds.

Of the 5,000 specialists and consultants in this country, some—not all—earn a lot of money in the last twenty years of their professional life. For the first ten years after qualifying they usually earn barely enough to keep themselves, let alone a wife and children.

The familiar specialists are surgeons and physicians and obstetricians, who used to be called man-midwives. I had dinner with a well-known man-midwife only last week. He was telling me about two patients he attended one day during the war.

The London blitz was at its height when he was called out to assist an expensive baby into the world. He said "Hullo" to his patient and sat down to wait for a while. A bomb dropped three doors away. He spent the next two hours dealing

Night call for the G.P. Fascination of his job lies in its constant novelty. His bane—unpaid bills

with damaged bodies dragged out of the rubble. When he got back to his patient, the baby was born and there was nothing to be done except say good night.

He got back to his flat to find another urgent message. This was a desperate case in which an immediate blood transfusion was necessary. He took a pint of blood from his own arm and transfused it. He then did a difficult operation successfully under the most trying conditions, even giving the anaesthetic himself. He saved the woman's life and that of her baby, and both did well.

The first woman, for whom he did precisely nothing, sent him a cheque for ten times the amount of his usual fee, and every Christmas he still gets an expensive present and a grateful letter from her. The second woman never paid him a penny and he never heard from her again.

That is one of the most attractive things about practising as any kind of a doctor. You never know what is going to happen next. And after it has happened you never know how your patients are going to react.

Makers of New Faces

Less well known than the obstetricians are some of the other specialists. There are the plastic surgeons who start with a mass of charred flesh and build a new face over it, taking if need be two years or more and fifty separate operations to do it. These men have to be fine surgeons with the hands and eyes of artists.

Ophthalmic surgeons have to be good physicians, too, because the disordered eye may be the first sign of a number of serious diseases. Orthopaedic surgeons are carpenters who work with human bones. Gastro-enterologists are high-grade human plumbers. All these kinds of surgeons need another type of specialist, the anaesthetist.

Venereologists specialize in V.D. work. Dermatologists cherish the largest organ in the body, the skin, and can at least see what is wrong with it. Radiologists see only *x*-ray shadows and provide a surprising amount of accurate information about what goes on inside you.

The 5,000 specialists and the 21,000 G.P.s who send on to them the patients who present special problems make up less than half of the medical profession—there are 56,000 doctors in the United Kingdom. What does the other half do? There are still about 5,000 doctors in the Services, many of them doing far too little work and growing more and more frustrated. The figure was more than 6,000 less than a year ago and demobilization is slowly proceeding.

During the war doctors made parachute jumps, served with Commandos, went down with submarines and up with aircraft. There were doctors in tanks and on landing craft.

There are rather more than 5,000 retired doctors, most of them enjoying a ripe old age. This figure does not seem to alter very much. At any time for many years past it has been true to say that only about 10 per cent of all doctors live long enough and earn enough to retire. Most doctors die in harness and usually of heart disease. In one recent year the death rate for doctors between the ages of twenty and sixty-five was more than 50 per cent above the rate among civil servants and more than 25 per cent above the rate among professional engineers.

Whole-time posts in the voluntary hospitals account for another 5,500 doctors, the big majority of them newly qualified. There are house-surgeons and house-physicians who carry out all the ward work, assist their chiefs at operations, run accident rooms and out-patient clinics. They work like beavers for well over a 100-hour week and they are usually paid £50 a year.

Why do they do it? Because they can go on learning their profession under the critical eyes of their seniors. In any teaching hospital the half-dozen resident appointments each year go as a rule to the best six in the final examinations. Students who qualify but are not in the first six often take resident appointments at municipal hospitals. In these local authority hospitals, which include general, special and fever hospitals, there are about 4,000 doctors.

Many of these youngsters whose early training was in the municipal hospitals gravitate into the public health service, which accounts for another 2,500 doctors whose main interests are in preventive and social medicine. Some of them are tuberculosis officers, others are in the school medical services, and others are medical officers of health.

All these groups of doctors are fairly large and fairly familiar. But here are some less familiar groups. There are 400 doctors who hold dental qualifications as well and practise only dentistry. There are 500 doctors who are whole-time teachers of medicine and about the same number engaged exclusively in the medical research on which every advance in medicine depends. The Government employs 780 full-time doctors.

There are spa doctors, factory doctors, ship's surgeons, port medical officers, and insurance doctors. All these are really general practitioners, in effect, who prefer to work in factories or ships or ports or with big insurance companies.

Among the lesser-known specialists there are pathologists whose patients never answer back and never need them urgently. They are the only doctors who can legally take the body to pieces and decide once and for all what really was the matter. Some of them, like the late Sir Bernard Spilsbury, make world-wide reputations in medico-legal work.

Doctors Who are Legislators

There are seven doctors in the House of Lords and fourteen in the House of Commons, including one woman—Dr. Edith Summerskill. Nine of the fourteen are Socialists. Three doctors are Privy Councillors and seven are baronets.

There are a few doctors doing entirely non-medical work. One runs a small air transport company. Another is an expert on Greek, Hebrew and Assyrian, and has spent years writing a commentary on the Old Testament. "James Bridie," the playwright, is a distinguished doctor. So is Oliver St. John Gogarty, and so is Brett Young. Somerset Maugham began as a doctor and so did A. J. Cronin.

There are many women doctors—some of them married and no longer in practice, others married and doing part-time medical work or a whole-time job helping their G.P. husbands.

Of the students who enter medicine every year 450 to 500 are women. They have the same opportunities of going on to a variety of posts in general and specialist practice but there are still very few women specialists. Many women doctors go into the public health services and particularly the school medical service. During the war there were 600 women doctors in the Army, most of them looking after A.T.S.

Generally speaking, before the war it cost about £1,500 to educate a man or woman for the medical profession. Nobody has accurately worked out yet what £1,500 prewar means today.

The standard of examinations for medical degrees is carefully controlled by the General Medical Council set up by the Medical Act of 1858. The present medical course usually takes not quite six years to complete and cannot now be started before the age of seventeen.

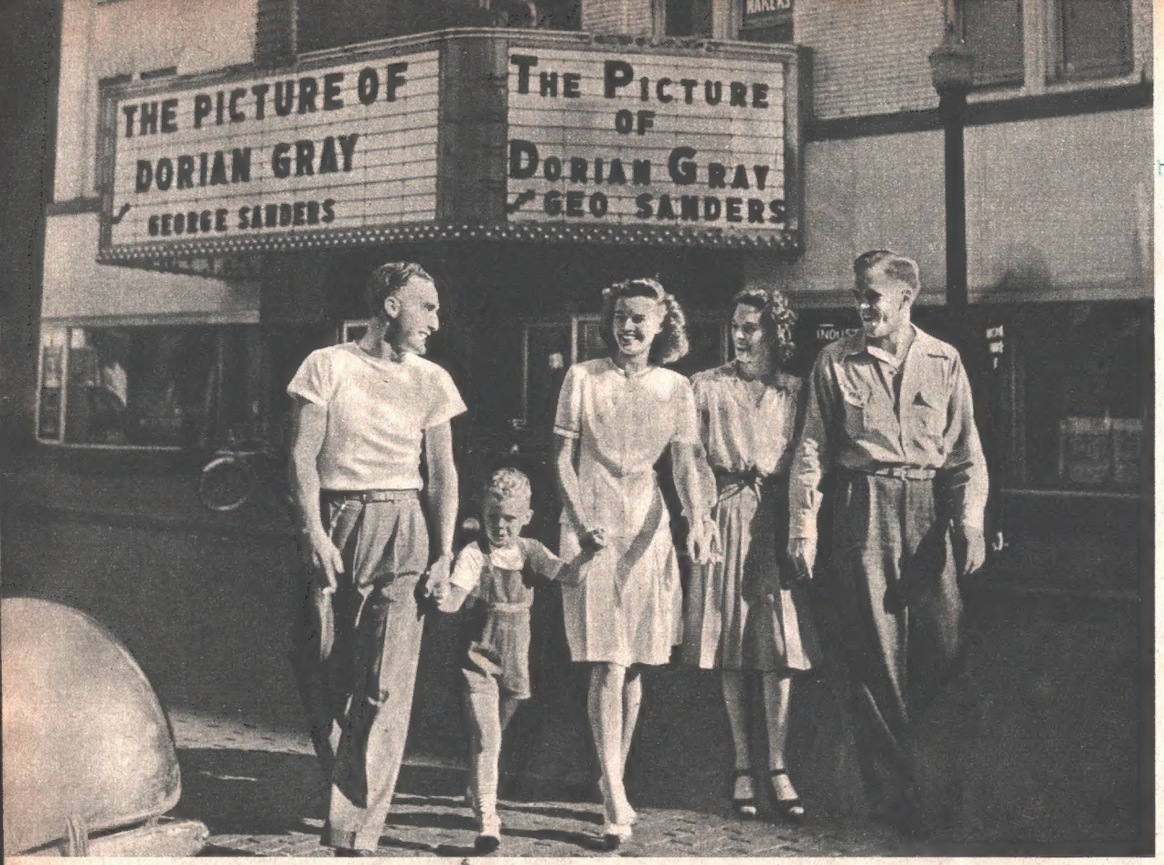
The function of the General Medical Council that receives most publicity is that of maintaining professional standards of conduct. It may seem harsh that a doctor should be struck off the *Register* and deprived of his livelihood because he was convicted of drunkenness, but a drunken doctor may be much more dangerous than any other kind of drunk.

The Money in Medicine

How much do doctors earn? There were no reliable figures on this question until the Spens Committee considered it not quite two years ago. This committee made a careful survey of the incomes of a large number of doctors. This was the first time such a survey had ever been undertaken. It dealt particularly with the average net incomes of general practitioners in urban areas. Rural doctors earned appreciably less.

Net income was taken as the gross income less those professional expenses which are allowable for

Continued on page 14



Film about Victorian Britain. British Mrs. Newnham (right) makes sure G.I. husband and friends see it

TEA-TIME IN TEXAS

by DONALD STOKES

A new spirit in the Mid-West; a chip-shop in New York. G.I. Brides are making their mark in America. . . . Second article on their progress there

SENATOR ROBERT TAFT, one of the leading candidates for the American Presidency, grinned at me when I told him I was touring the United States to get the facts about the G.I. brides. "If many more of these British girls come in," he said, "I shall have to contend with a British-American vote."

For every time he has made a stock speech in the Mid-West, declaring that "America should not send any dollars to Britain to be nationalised," he has received many angry letters from British G.I. brides. In his own state of Ohio there are upwards of five thousand of the brides.

But the British girls' main impact is not so much on politicians as on ordinary people. Even in a country the size of the United States the influence of 75,000 British brides—others are still coming in at the rate of eighty a week—cannot be called negligible.

The girls have impressed ordinary Americans by their determination to overcome obstacles and make good in a new country. Mrs. John Elting, an American who is general secretary of the scores of overseas wives' clubs throughout the U.S.A., told me: "I've got to know thousands of these British brides, and I'm amazed by their courage and good humour. Many of them have come successfully through situations in which most American girls would, I think, have given up.

Bride Who Was Undaunted

There was the girl from Southampton who arrived in Waverley, Tennessee, early in 1946 to be reunited with her husband, a scrub farmer up in the mountains. The Red Cross had to tell her that her husband had just finished a jail sentence for making "moonshine" whisky, that he was living with another woman, and had let his crops go to ruin. Undaunted, the girl made the two-day journey up into the mountains.

For several weeks nothing more was heard of her. Then a Red Cross official made the ascent to the farm, and found, to his astonishment, that the girl had made the farmhouse spotless, the husband was hard at work in the fields—and there was no sign of the other woman.

Case number two. The daughter of a British industrial executive went to New York, against her family's wishes, to join the Brooklyn Italian she had married in December, 1944. She sailed in spite of her husband's cable saying their marriage was a mistake and she should stay at home. When she arrived, she had to elude a detective hired by her family to protect her.

She discovered that her husband, who was only twenty-two, had been overwhelmed by the thought of bringing a girl brought up in comfort to an overcrowded tenement in the Italian quarter of Brooklyn, where they would not even have a room to themselves. The girl moved into the tenement with him, and lived there cheerfully for six months before they found a flat of their own.

Case number three. Jean MacGillivray, from Callender, Perthshire, walked all round Baltimore, knocking on doors to try to find somewhere to live with her husband, an ex-Marine, Simeon Henfrell. Finally they moved into a cheap lodging-house, and there Jean had their baby. When it was three months old her husband, a boiler inspector, fell ill. For over six months they lived on his unemployment pay, which, in America, is only sufficient to pay the rent. But they came through all right.

This sort of courage has made a deep impression on Americans. Now the girls are even being held up as paragons of wifely virtue—"American women please copy."

An American, John Selasco, of Jersey City, caused a furore when he wrote in the *New York Daily News*: "I'm sick of softy U.S. girls who sit around and suck chocolates while their men break blood-vessels for them. I'm going back to England, where husbands aren't looked on as butlers."

This exaggerated viewpoint brought many supporting letters from other men—and, of course, a flood of angry letters from American women.

Impact of the girls on America naturally varies according to their numbers in different parts of the country. Comparatively few have settled in the three largest cities, New York, Chicago and Boston. The majority are concentrated in the smaller towns of the South and Middle West.

Accepted into the Circle

Sociologists might find it interesting that American big-city men did not usually find British girls attractive, while the provincial men did.

The concentration of British girls in the Middle West, traditionally the isolationist belt, has had interesting results. Residents of formerly anti-European small towns are now finding out first-hand that girls from over the water are as human and likeable as their own daughters.

It cannot be purely coincidental that the states in which there are the most British girls are those which contributed most generously to the Friendship Train that recently crossed America, collecting food gifts for Europe. I saw this train while it was taking on 14,000 pounds of gifts at Des Moines, Iowa, and prominent in the cheering crowd was a contingent of fifty girls waving Union Jacks. Most of them came from Scotland.

Texas has a "touch of limey" in its talk now, for it has over four thousand war brides, with more than five thousand babies. Small wonder that sixteen communities in Texas have "adopted" British towns and are sending them regular food parcels.

In Oklahoma City, heart of the prairies, there were over two hundred British brides present at the Independence Day celebrations. When the band played "My Country 'Tis of Thee," they all stood up, for it has the same tune as "God Save the King." The rest of the audience followed suit, thinking something was happening up front. The state senator, who was present, was obviously set thinking, for he left out of his speech his customary blasting at British "imperialism."

The girls are introducing many new customs to America. A neon sign is blazing these nights outside Grand Central Station, New York, announcing *Fish and Chip Saloon*. The scores of G.I. brides who eat at this unique shop laugh at the sign, which shows an English duke, complete with coronet and robes, munching his "fourpenny and three penn'orth."

Afternoon tea has now grown so popular that the women editors of many papers in the Middle West have written articles about it. British phrases, such as "That's that," "All right," and "Oh, definitely," are catching on.

Netball, which in America is a man's game, is now becoming popular among women, following the formation of British girls' clubs on Long Island and in New Jersey. They have also stimulated American interest in soccer.

The 75,000 G.I. brides, with their 90,000 children, are making Britain seem more than a name on the map. They have brought the meaning of Britain into every corner of the United States.

JOHN BULL February 14 1948

DANGER POINT

by B. L. JACOT

ILLUSTRATED BY A. R. WHITEAR

FROM THE BARRED window of the abandoned *douane* post in which they were hiding, Chadwicke had a view of the mountain road up from the Polish frontier at Kolmetschi. He was watching it closely for the man he knew must soon come walking along it.

In the glare of the afternoon sun he could see the white buildings and mills of Nachod on the other side of the river against a background of encroaching forest.

The two agents had left the Czech cotton town at first light that day—Chadwicke and his opposite number, Fellowes, a tall American with a livid scar down the side of his face who was there to look after the Washington end of things.

They had been through a lot, but Chadwicke was not deceiving himself. This last stage over into Poland was the test.

"I don't like this waiting around," he said. "Someone may spot the car."

"Not the way you hid it," Fellowes assured him.

The Englishman ground out the butt of his cigarette with his heel. "It's not as if we knew what was coming."

"Whoever they send," Fellowes said, "we have their number. Practically the first words they speak. Right?"

IT was plain that the strain had told on Chadwicke. He was keyed up taut as a piano string, jarring to every vibration. But, as you would expect from a man of his record with the underground of half a dozen countries in the war, he kept a firm grip on himself. He kept his eyes on the road—looking for what would come.

"Just an innocent little remark you make," the American insisted. He was rolling very delicately a little gelatinous tube in his skilful fingers. "About it being hot for the time of year. And he comes back with: *'I've known it hotter in Nachod!'*—and there you are! Take it easy, brother!"

"What you have rolled inside that tube," Chadwicke reminded, "men would kill us for without a second thought. Shoot on sight and burn the bodies."

"There ain't a-going to be no shootin', pard," Fellowes mocked in a heavy Western accent. "This chap's one of the boys—like you and me. He's going to show us the way through on the last lap."

Chadwicke was watching the hills now. This country was remote. It had a dead look about it, like Arctic spaces. The grey rock, the dark scratching of the forest. He could make out high on the

"The tube, please," said the little man. "I am putting it in a very safe place—I am swallowing it" . . . but even double-crossers can be double-crossed

skyline the "Little Maginot Line" fortifications, built for the Czechs by the French High Command after the first World War. Concrete mushrooms on the shoulder of the mountain, they now commanded territory ceded to Poland.

"Someone's coming!" Fellowes suddenly warned. "Stand by."

The Englishman's heart began to beat as he fixed a little man who had turned out of the pines. He was walking casually up the rocky road; only the quick bird-like movements of his head showed his alertness. Short of the hut the newcomer stepped off the road once more, and presently they heard steps round at the back. Chadwicke stood unmoving as the stranger came round to the front.

"It's warm for the time of year," the Englishman mentioned, and in the pause that followed tension hung in the air like smoke before it lifts. The little man had a black moustache and a mild and innocent air. If he asks us what the hell we're doing here — what next? Chadwicke was thinking. He supposed they would have to kill him and bury him somewhere.

The newcomer pulled out a handkerchief and mopped at his brow. "I've known it hotter in Nachod," he answered.

A WAVE of intense relief swept over Chadwicke. It was as if a high wind blowing through his head had suddenly dropped. Just what he had been fearing he did not know. Perhaps the immense importance of the secret he was carrying. "Don't waste time," he rapped out. "Tell him!"

"Sure!" Fellowes agreed. He produced the precious tube inside the hut. It was less than the length of half a match. "This will be stuck to my friend's back teeth. He'll swallow it if we run into trouble."

"Such information which could save hundreds of thousands of lives—and he swallows it!"

"Don't worry," the American told him. "If it's only a false alarm he can regurgitate. It's made of a coated gelatine which resists the stomach juices for about half an hour. All high-ranking Nazis had these *ausföletz*, you remember, but they were made of glass and contained cyanide. Himmler broke his tube with his teeth. He was dead before he hit the floor."

"You Americans can improve everything! For the Nazis—poison. For us, military secrets, eh?"

"Let's leave the theory and get down to action," Chadwicke suggested coldly.

"But—if you cannot bring yourself to regurgitate?" the little man queried. "Not everyone can. I couldn't myself for a start."

"You're still okay," Fellowes insisted. He held the tube against the light. "Look. Say you run into something that doesn't look right. You wonder if it's going to be trouble. Maybe it is. Maybe it isn't. Better play safe. You lick the *ausföletz* off your teeth and swallow it. No one's any the wiser so you're not compromised. It turns out, though, this isn't trouble. So what? You go behind a rock and stick your fingers down your throat, Right?"

"But—suppose it is trouble? And you're held and searched? Every move watched?"

"The microphotographic film is still safe," Fellowes said. "Because when the stomach juices have digested the gelatine there's a special coating to protect the film while it's still inside you. If you get out of it alive, you get out with your material in a pretty safe place. Your own belly, my friend, and even an X-ray won't show it!"

"How do we go from here?" the Englishman demanded.

"You will be quite safe in my hands, my friend," the guide promised. "I know this part of the world like—how do you say?—the back of my hand. No need to have the tube in your mouth."

"That's my business," Chadwicke snapped.

The guide's eye hardened and his knuckles bunched white. Then he bowed, turning away from the Englishman.

"The gentleman is correct. It is not my business."

"Take it easy!" Fellowes threw at Chadwicke. There was no sense in making an enemy of this man who had been sent to help. Weren't their lives in his hands? "We're on edge a little," he explained. "Been on the run for seven weeks—and you know what that means!"

"I completely understand, my friend." The little man switched his eyes back to Chadwicke on a note of interrogation. "Then we will go? You are armed, of course?"

"In the car. Up the road," Chadwicke grunted and walked ahead to the door of the hut, with Fellowes following—as he always did—immediately behind him.

A voice halted them before they got outside. "Back up against the wall," it said, softly, and a cold tremor ran up Chadwicke's spine. In that numb moment he knew that *this* was what he had been expecting, warned by some instinct. He knew that there was no hope at all for them from this moment on.

Fellowes ranged himself to the right as they backed against the pock-marked wall, hands, palm down, on the crown of their heads. The man with the black moustache had a Luger pistol in his hand and with its muzzle at their stomachs he frisked the pair to make sure they had no guns.

"You fools!" he shouted. "Did you think you would get away with a thing like this?"

CHADWICKE'S mouth was dry. He was weighing the chances of a bullet ripped through his stomach against the one he knew he was going to get through the back of his head. Not even a miracle could save them. "How did you get the code words?" he asked.

"Men talk, you know," the little man said. "He was very tough, was your good friend. It took us a long time with him. Yes, he was resolute. An Englishman, too. You English have fixed ideas, do you not? We had practically to skin the poor fellow and, even so, he would not talk. So we used drugs. Any man will talk when he no longer controls his own mind. I will take the tube now, please—when I tell you to move!"

Fellowes exchanged a look with his chief.

"Give it to him," Chadwicke said. "Even if you had time to get it into your mouth and swallow it he'd cut you open."

"Correct," the little man said. "Alive. You spoke too much. And do not try to grab my hand. Such things are foolishness."

"I'm not looking for trouble," the American said. "You've the gun. But—say—you're going to shoot us anyway, so what the hell!"

"You are wrong! It would give me very great pleasure to blow the top off your heads, but—alas!—I cannot afford the noise. I, too, am not looking for trouble. I'm going across the frontier myself. Alone."

"You rat!!" Chadwicke spat out. "Double-crossing!"

"And very profitable, too, my English friend! But I am taking no chances. I am known in these parts and those who know me would think it strange if they came upon me vainly trying to make myself sick behind a rock. Yes?" His voice cracked like a whip. "I am putting that film in a very safe place—I am swallowing it *now*! The tube!"

FOR a moment Fellowes looked at him dazed. Then he fumbled in his pocket. his hand shaking.

The guide's Adam's apple rose and fell as he swallowed. "Now! Flat on your stomachs on the boards! You, here. And you—out of arm's reach there."

Rage was eating into the Englishman at the thought of having lost out after all they had been through. But there was nothing he could do.

"I leave you bound, gentlemen, and you will eventually get loose—as I wish you to do. I would prefer to kill you but bodies stay around, do they not? You two will dispose of yourselves—discreetly, no doubt — when you are free, and so there will be no trace — of our little meeting."

He worked swiftly over them, leaving them securely trussed. Presently the two men in the hut heard the car start up and roll down the hill. Chadwicke's body strained and heaved on the dirty floor, but there was still nothing he could do.

It took the American the best part of an hour to get his hands loose enough to work on Chadwicke's bonds. After that it did not take long.

"Thanks," the Englishman growled, when he had got rid of his gag. "But the little swine'll be miles away by now."

THE American was rubbing his mouth with the back of a hand. "Not so far. No, sir. That little guy's had it."

"I don't follow you," Chadwicke said.

Fellowes laughed and hit him on the back.

"Boy, oh boy! I thought you were on to it. I slipped him the real thing. A dose of cyanide. The Himmler special. Not our film."

It took time, but the strain faded out of Chadwicke's eyes. "He would never know what hit him," he said.

"When he started shooting off his mouth and saying he was going to swallow it so that it stayed put—that's when I got the idea. So I slipped the mutt my last reserve." He laughed again. "If we get caught now, there's no way for me to sidestep torture."

"I'll blow your brains out for you," Chadwicke offered. "Anything to oblige. Looks as if we'll have to get over on our own."

"Sure does," Fellowes agreed. "And the sooner we make a start the better."

THE HUMAN MACHINE by ROFFE THOMPSON

There's More to it than Luck

THERE are two ways of getting what you want out of life. You can either sit and wait for what you want to come along (or for someone to give it to you) or you can go out and get it yourself. If you are wise you won't adopt the first way.

Do you remember the dying sea-captain in Kipling's poem, "The Mary Gloster"? Speaking to his son, he says:

I didn't begin with asking. I took my job and I stuck;
And I took the chances they wouldn't, and now they're calling it luck.

That, I believe, is near the truth. For real chances in life rarely advertise themselves. So very often they don't look like chances. Often they look much more like obstacles. It is only the man who knows what he wants and where he intends to go who can see these things as stepping stones.

The chance, after all, is only a chance. It is what you make of it that matters.

So many people pass up an opportunity because they don't like its looks. They don't like the work involved. They don't care to exert themselves to make the most of the opportunity.

Nearly all "luck" is the result of someone seizing a chance that others have ignored—and working, working....

"They're not in yet, Mr. Bradbury"

JOHN BULL February 14 1948

YOUTH UNDER THE MICROSCOPE

by HARRY HOPKINS

Let youth have its say! A local survey has done just that. It shows what a cross-section of young Britons is doing, thinking and hoping

THEY TALK, AFTER A WAR, about the "lost generation." But the world doesn't stop to sigh for a generation. The world swings on. Today the generation that matters is the generation coming up.

And that, come to think of it, is a pretty odd sort of generation which went into long pants at Dunkirk and got its first job as austerity came down, a generation which never really knew the old top-dog Britain, a generation whose whole thinking life has been lived in war and the aftermath of war.

Who are the new Britons?

Up on the north-east coast one of them has been trying to find out. Sick of hearing that modern youth thinks of nothing but films and jazz, a twenty-year-old pitman named Gordon Fanstone compiled by age, sex and occupation an accurate cross-section of the fourteen to twenty-one year old population of the 58,000-strong county borough of Tynemouth, which is a mixture of fish port, shipyard, seaside resort, dormitory satellite and development area.

Gordon and other members of the local Youth Council sifted down to fifty-four the questions they wanted to put to Tynemouth youth. Then sixteen volunteer interviewers shouldered their pencils and set forth.

Strange Apprenticeship to Life

The survey was a big job. It took about a year. But they were buoyed up all the time by the thought that they were pioneering something pretty worth while.

I have been thumbing through the great pile of dog-eared questionnaires, scrawled at windy street corners, in school corridors, in offices, on ships' bulkheads all over Tynemouth. And I have been rounding out this Profile of Postwar British Youth by interviewing some of the interviewers.

A strange world they grew up in. Gordon Fanstone was in his second year at Tynemouth High School when the war started. Until Christmas it was all homework, no classes; then evacuation to Hexham, sharing classrooms with another school. At nineteen, so as to be able to carry on his studies to qualify as a civil engineer, he opted for the mines; now works underground as a timber loader at the Rising Sun Colliery.

Fragrant memories? Norman McCord, another of the team, now a sixth former, remembers walking along to school, aged nine, and his pal turning to him and exclaiming: "Oh, jolly good, there's going to be a war!"

Sharply etched in the memory of Audrey Martin, eighteen-year-old shorthand typist at the education offices, is the day her father, shipyard chargehand on the Naval reserve, went away again and her mother said quietly: "Yes, dear, it really has come this time." And then, the day he came back, invalided out, from the Murmansk convoys. And then—their bomb. The Martins are only just getting the house straight from their bomb.

Broken homes, torn-up roots, makeshift schooling, insecurity rampant—all the very things Youth is supposed to be sheltered from. Well, are the ravages showing? Very definitely Youth does not echo the frustration, the moanings, the doubtings, of so many of its elders. Quite a number of questionnaire-fillers go out of their way to state: "I am perfectly satisfied with life." Seventy-seven per cent have favourable opinions of their jobs—though only sixteen per cent of them find their work actually "interesting" and only forty-five per cent think their prospects good.

Significantly, only one per cent of Tynemouth youth expressed a desire to emigrate. Does this then mean that the old gents are right at last, that the "Spirit of Adventure" is dying out? Well, "South Sea Islands" still figure in the questionnaire forms—and six per cent of the boys want to go to sea. Twenty-one year old Eric Hindus, apprentice fitter in a shipyard, was signing on in a tanker carrying Persian oil to the Far East, as fifth engineer. Why? To build a career. As a ship's engineer he can qualify for his second officer's ticket in eighteen months, and for his chief's ticket in another eighteen, and after that there are lots of good overseas jobs going, in the oilfields, for instance.

A lot of chaps in the yard are thinking the same way, says Eric, and explains: "It's not that they think Britain's licked. It's not just Britain now, it's Britain and the Empire together."

Youth, it seems, is picking up the new bearings. Youngsters of the war-grown generation drank in Socialism with their free milk, their ration books and the rest. "Free enterprise" in the classic sense was dead almost before they were born. Hardly surprising then that forty-three per cent declare themselves Labour (as against twenty-four per cent Tory and thirteen per cent Liberal). That puts them a good deal to the left of their parents. But how much lively conviction do those figures, in fact, register? Not much probably.

Politics are small beer to this postwar generation. In this industrial borough, Labour League of Youth discussions muster only six or eight. Said Audrey Martin: "Try to talk about politics at the office, and they tell you, 'Don't be morbid!'"

There seems to be no middle group between the young professional politicos—like the Cullercoats girl teacher who spends all her money on books and who, when asked what she'd like to be if not herself, replies fervently, "Stalin"—and the great apathetic mass.

To these young people the dole queues, the hunger marchers, the bitterness are mere old folks' tales. The old Britain is gone and the new Britain is yet to be, and they, like the rest of us, await their cue.

They Certainly Get Around

One thing that does hit you in the eye is that Youth is so much more organized and, perhaps because of that, more socially competent than ever before. Some of these Youth Council members, in fact, seem to need secretaries to keep track of their engagements. Youth is no longer gawky and tongue-tied, seen and not heard.

But there's another side to it. Has this gain been made at the cost of some of the quietude and solidity of the British home where in an earlier day young people — not many, true, but a few, a very important few—could put in timeless hours of wondering and reading? "Pongo" Hogg, who exchanged Tynemouth's dawn fish quay for a Toronto insurance office, writes back to say Canadian youth would never dream of anything like their survey—it spends all its time reading Superman and Dick Tracey. Well, maybe British youth hasn't reached

Gordon Fanstone, pit worker who's ambitious. "Thing is to get a job you like that's useful"

quite those heights yet. Yet the cinema undoubtedly provides the main mental fodder. Nine out of ten of Tynemouth's young folk go regularly: over one in four, twice a week; over one in ten, three times.

But in one way at least British youth shows small sign of following the American pattern. It refuses to grow up before its time. The most fascinating replies in the whole of this inquisition were produced by the question which asked, with superb simplification: "What is your opinion of the Opposite Sex?"

A long, prudent process of evolution is evident from the fourteen-year-old boy's judicial "Not bad, but talk too much"—through the seventeen-year-old's reluctant admission of "All right up to a point"—to the partial capitulation of the twenty-year-olds: the bricklayer's "A bit drippy but good to dance with" and the shipyard worker's "Must be handpicked because collectively they are a bunch of gibbering idiots."

A Girl on When to Marry

Though a third of the girls gave marriage as their ambition (one summing it up as "a key and a house"), probably the view put by Audrey Martin is not uncommon. She wouldn't, she said, like to marry before she was twenty-five. "They seem to settle into a groove," she said with horror of a married friend. "Sort of hibernate."

Then, the big question: What do they want from life? Their demands are unexacting. Says Gordon Fanstone, the future civil engineer: "To be happy in my job, reasonably secure." And adds thoughtfully: "One of the main things is getting a job you like, one you feel is useful to the community."

"Give youth its say!" they tell us. Has this postwar generation anything to say?

Its most important message is a short and unspoken one. It is that the nation's youth is still young. Young and as confident of the future as tomorrow's sunrise. Because of that, though we oldsters may croak and grumble in our beards, the folk who wait so impatiently for Britain's funeral are going to get very cold hanging around.

HURRY I
More Food

by CLAU

**Last year in John Bull, Claud Mo
What's happened on the land sin
idle fields, shortage of machinery
hurry they can give us more food.**

The land that must become fruitful: it must be

WE CAN END POTATO RATIONING by October. We can end bread rationing by December. Within twelve months at the outside we can get a British breakfast table fit for men and women with a day's work in front of them.

How can this be done? My forecast doesn't come from Whitehall. I have been across the country. I have been asking the farmers, the machinery makers, the agricultural experts.

And my search for hard facts about food begins where it should begin—with a working housewife. Mrs. Phillips, of Chestnut Drive, Sale, Manchester, has five children—aged nine to eighteen. They don't eat in restaurants. They live chiefly on their ration books, supplemented by Friday night chips from a fish-and-chip shop.

My story opens on a Manchester Saturday morning when only eleven tons of potatoes reached the entire city. Thousands of homes went through the weekend without potatoes. Manchester women and Mrs. Phillips had a name for it. Black Saturday.

I begin with this simple fact from the point of view of Mrs. Phillips because over a million women like her will be reading this. And they have a secret grouse. Nobody seems to relate the food problem to the stomach of the ordinary man or the ordinary woman. Attlee has called on the Phillips' family for ten per cent more effort to save the nation. My search has been to see how we can give that same family ten per cent more grub. Without the ability to deliver the food from the farms this spring and summer our production effort can be completely frustrated. Against that background, then, let us set out to measure the farm problem.

Tom T. Burgess has good potato land in Lincolnshire. What's to stop him making this a record potato year so that the Phillips family get not only their three pounds a head, but will be able to see the end of rationing by October? Well, for one thing, Tom wants more machinery. He needs a potato spinner to handle the crop—and handle it fast. He needs other labour-saving devices in a day when manpower is short and getting shorter. Yet actual deliveries of spinners look like being less this year than last.

Down at Gatwick Airport, Sussex, I went to meet Paull Jewill Hill. He had just flown over from Jersey. He knows the potato business. What do the Channel Island farmers say about it, Mr. Hill? The Islands are grand potato-raising ground. Good weather, early crop; potatoes coming up like miniature footballs. The farmers have been asked to grow a bigger output of potatoes this year than prewar. Well, are they going to do it? Strachey hasn't yet told them the price he's going to pay, and they cannot decide whether it will be worth their while to produce potatoes instead of tomatoes. Potatoes or tomatoes? Hurry, hurry! I went back to London and picked up the telephone to the Ministry of Agriculture. What about these Channel Islands potatoes? Well, they reply, that's a matter for the Ministry of Food. Not enough co-operation here, perhaps. We want more dovetailing between the cries for output from Tom Williams and the price settlements of John Strachey.

Paull Hill has an aeroplane. We set off from Gatwick Airport in the best way to see farming England—from the air, and fairly close down. We watched the patchwork pattern of land slide beneath the wings of our De Havilland. We turned in over Southampton, across Hampshire and low over the Wiltshire Downs.

Good wheat land here. To meet our target we want two and a half million acres of this British wheat. And that's not asking much. We had three and a quarter million acres in 1943 when wheat had its rightful place as Britain's mainstay.

Now the land is bare. Not a man to be seen. How much can we get out of it by next autumn?

The blacksmith reconditions a ploughshare: but we need more new ones, fewer improvised make-do's

Another Waiting List

Here it's a question of machinery again. When we dropped down on the runway of Exeter Airport I phoned up two machinery makers. It's the same story—a long waiting list for equipment. The output of mechanical harvesters from British factories for the first nine months of 1947 was just over two hundred. I put through another call to the Agricultural Economics Institute at Oxford. How many machines do we need to get the farmers really moving on the wheat programme? The answer: We need about three thousand mechanical harvesters—quickly.

That night we made Land's End Airport. We swung in over the rolling wastes of the Atlantic and I saw Bishop's Rock lighthouse. Nothing between it and America. "Nothing between us and the Marshall Plan," cracked Paull Hill.

Under Mr. Marshall's benefit, we are due to get about two and a half million pounds worth of agricultural machinery in the first year, starting in July if Congress moves quick enough. If someone in Washington reads this article, I repeat a British farmer's theme song—Hurry!

We stayed the night with Colonel C. H. Paynter. At eighty-five, he still manages the St. Loy estate with energy and enterprise. What's going to hold you back this year, Colonel?

First, men. Take a bird's-eye view of the labour situation as he sees it. There are still 100,000 German prisoners of war walking country lanes. Unhappy, wanting to get home. Well, some Germans are getting their wish. Fifty thousand will be shipped back across the Channel by August. That makes us fifty thousand men down in the labour ledger.

Then, we are raising the school leaving age. There's a lot of talk about it in the villages. In hard fact it means that the land loses an entire year's intake of eighteen thousand boys.

Coal or Food—Which Comes First?

Suppose the farming industry was able to attract one hundred thousand new recruits this year—just suppose. We'd still be understaffed for raising output. What is the Government doing about attracting men to the land? Not enough. I see posters in the underground stations calling men to work in the mines. Our coal position is improving daily. Now what about filling our bellies? Without food, Attlee, you won't get coal; you endanger your drive for ten per cent extra.

I asked Colonel Paynter how he stood with machinery. If we can't get all the men, then machines must provide our answer. "Go and see the blacksmith," he grunted.

The village blacksmith is like every other village

ARMERS!

is the Prize

MORRIS

is reported on the food deadlock. then? Morris finds there are still doubt about prices. If the farmers t they must have backing—quickly

ughed by more men, more machines—and quickly!

blacksmith, in this or a thousand villages. He exercises all his skill and all his patience, fixing up spares to repair existing tractors and ploughs. Because of the big lack of spares thousands of pounds' worth of valuable tractors, cultivators, drills, mowers and ploughs lie neglected and exposed to wind and rain as you read these words.

Spares are needed, from Lincolnshire to Land's End. Speed those spares!

Next morning we were off again, up across north Cornwall, into Somerset and Berkshire. And we were both struck by one thing—the millions of acres of grassland, stretching hundreds of miles.

Back at Gatwick Airport I lifted the telephone to B. A. Steward in Ipswich. Bert Steward knows farming as few men do in this country. He taught me all I know about the business—how to assess a food crop, how to get it out on time, how to plan for full larders.

Too Much Idle Grass

I told him what I had seen. Well, Bert, how does it strike you?

"Too much grass for my liking," he said. In Britain we have twelve million acres of grassland. Half of this would suffice to support our livestock. It would not be too much to ask that at least one million acres out of this total should be sown with crops *now*. And another million could be re-seeded to provide better grass.

That million acres sown with crops for the larder would break the food deadlock.

I went to see Jack Dunman, a man who keeps in touch with the workers in agricultural unions. I had my question for him. How can we increase output? How, for instance, can we get enough potatoes for all? He has the same answer. Start a big plough-up campaign. This year the Government has set a potato target which will just give us our potato requirements *provided* the yield is of normal average and nothing goes wrong with the weather, as it did last year. Dunman has a simple suggestion. Why not till, say, one hundred thousand acres of potatoes more than we have budgeted for? Just as an insurance policy.

As we stand at the moment, a single miscalculation by the clerk of the weather, or a bad year in the potato fields, and potato rationing continues. Put in the extra potatoes and we're high and dry with enough for all—and to spare. What if we get some potatoes over? Export them. Let the British farmer earn some sterling for Sir Stafford Cripps.

I got back to London. I'd had a bird's-eye view of England, February, 1948, the problem year for food.

I told a man at the Ministry of Food what I had seen. "Of course," he said, "you mustn't forget we've got a big import programme of food coming into the country. With luck, even if the farming plan doesn't come off, we might pull through."

No Windfall from There

With luck. I thought of those two words as I walked up Baker Street. Then I met another man, just off ship from Australia.

"You going to send us any wheat this year?"

He pointed out that the unseasonal Australian rains which played havoc with the Test matches also caused widespread destruction of the wheat crop. Instead of two hundred and twenty million bushels in the Australian harvest it looks as though they will get only one hundred and eighty million bushels. I reckon we'll be needing every grain of that two and a half million acres of British wheat next summer—and more. I reckon we'll be needing every square yard of that 1,423,000 acres of potatoes—and more.

What's the answer? Tom Williams has already taken one piece of advice from JOHN BULL's food campaign last spring. "Give us the cash to farm with," we wrote. Williams took heed. He put up the farm prices. The farmers can't grumble today. They are being given a better deal now by this Government than they ever got.

We complained—then—about the racketeering prices for vegetables. Later Strachey said he would do something about it. We are still waiting. Waiting, too, for some action on the report on food distribution by the Lucas Marketing Committee, a report which would save housewives millions. Hurry!

Tom Williams has followed the JOHN BULL programme and put back the ploughing-up subsidy to £4 an acre. He has created a long-term plan which will give us two hundred thousand more cows (off with the milk ration!), seven hundred thousand more cattle (thumb our noses at the Argentine!) and sixty million more poultry (here's to an egg every morning!). All this by 1951.

Sound work, Williams! Now you should go along to Strachey and check up on some of those prices he is paying for overseas food. Remind him that dollars can grow in English fields.

Then, Williams, have a word with your colleague, Sir Stafford Cripps. Cripps aims at the British machine industry producing forty million pounds' worth of machinery for the home farms this year compared with thirty million pounds' worth last year. That sounds better, but in addition Cripps is asking the agricultural machinery people to export four million pounds' worth of machines every month.

Go and tell Cripps to be careful that these big export targets for farm machinery don't leave the British farmer short.

And there's still one thing, suggested last year, that you haven't done. You raised the grant for ploughing up to £4 an acre, but you have *not* indicated to the farmers what acreage you think should come under the plough. You've given no orders. Even the best soldiers sometimes need their sergeant-major.

B. A. Steward, the expert who has exchanged his views with hundreds of working farmers, says: "Even a few acres ploughed and cropped now on every farm would mean a million more acres of additional food for the towns."

Make These Top Priority

The battle of the farms for 1948 begins this month. Re-awaken the farmers' wartime enthusiasm for ploughing up grasslands. See that they get their spares, their tractors and their combines. Get them to crop the land quickly.

End the housewife's black Saturdays. Ten per cent more grub means ten per cent more production. Tell that one to Sir Stafford Cripps, too. Potato rationing off by October. Bread rationing off by December. Those are the 1948 slogans.

Tangled grassland is hard on already worn-out ploughshares. Breakdowns hold up vital work

Arsenal and Manchester United in goalmouth tussle. The northern team believes in all-out attack

SOCCER'S BAD BOY

The "stopper" centre-half, lying back with the defence instead of forward with the attack, personifies today's safety-first tactics. There's a case for reviving old methods

DESPITE SOME ENCOURAGING signs of a reversion to the good old faith of *attack is the best form of defence*, British soccer as a whole is still in the grip of a negative creed.

This creed ordains: "Never mind about winning—as long as we don't lose." Defence as such has become an over-worshipped—and therefore dangerous—idol.

More and more clubs concentrate on keeping the other team from scoring for ninety per cent of playing time. It is only in the final minutes of the game that their forwards adopt "smash and grab" tactics to snatch a goal or two for a draw—or even victory!

Showed us Up

Teams like Russia's Moscow Dynamos and Sweden's crack eleven, Norrkoping, showed up defensive football for the ineffective thing it is when they came over and startled our players with their aggressive craft. Switzerland, too, beat us 1—0 at Zurich last summer by high-pressure *attacking* methods.

Yet, a few years back, we should have beaten the Russians, the Swiss and the Swedes as decisively as we trounced the second-rate footballers of Portugal 10—0 in Lisbon. For then, the real tradition of British soccer—attack is the best form of defence, and, more important, it gets goals and wins matches—was still alive.

Listen to a man who played in that tradition—Hugh Gallacher. This small but brilliant former leader of the Newcastle, Chelsea and Derby attacks was twenty times capped by Scotland.

Hugh Gallacher doesn't think much of modern football. "It's all changed," he says. "David Jack, Alex Jackson, Alan Morton and the others would have trounced present-day teams. Take away a few of today's players like Matthews, Mortensen, Mannion, Carter, Lawton and Doherty and you hardly have a soccer star left. Football has become faster but most of the skill has gone."

Allowing for sentiment, and the way memory sometimes invests the past with a glamour it never had, Gallacher is still absolutely right.

Many of you may toss back at me the suggestion that prewar stars like Gallacher, Alex James, Billy Walker, Charles Buchan, Jimmy Seed, Blenkinsop and McMullan would never have survived the pace of today's Cup and League battles.

My answer to that is—nonsense! If, in fact, the game has improved so much, how is it that the over-thirties of modern football like Hagan (Sheffield United), Doherty (Huddersfield Town), silver-haired Raich Carter (Derby County), Leslie Compton (Arsenal) and Tommy Walker (Chelsea) are still at the top?

Roots of the defensive complex that is retarding our soccer prospects go back to more than twenty years ago—the era when the late Herbert Chapman ruled the football world.

Inventor of the "Policeman"

Chapman steered Arsenal to Wembley, the F.A. Cup and three successive League championships. He had a flair for showmanship. And he was the inventor of that arch-apostle of defence who now dominates football—the "stopper" or "policeman" third back.

Chapman created the third back as an answer to the glut of goals which followed that other revolutionary change—the alteration in the offside rule. This cut down the number of defenders between the opposing forwards and their own goal-line from three to two.

Before Chapman's reign, the centre-half was as much an attacking as a defensive force. Now, fourteen years after his death, Herbert Chapman's brain-child—the "stopper"—can still be seen on any ground any Saturday. The "stopper" dominates all defensive play. He seals up the middle. He obliterates the opposing centre-forward.

But Chapman, when he created the third back, also produced for the Arsenal the inside-forwards who would do the work of the old attacking centre-half: Alex James and David Jack.

How Defence Has Developed

To supplement the scheming of these two masters he also found the wingmen: cool Clifford Bastin, who, in 1932-33, scored thirty-three goals in forty-two League games, and that human greyhound, Joe Hulme, now manager of go-ahead Tottenham. Today the Chapman Plan endures at Highbury. In Leslie Compton, the present Arsenal side has a "stopper" who is the bastion of their goal-saving tactics.

Unfortunately, from being a mere defensive instrument to save goals—while the forwards got on with the job of scoring them—the "policeman" third back (I won't call him a centre-half) has grown to be a dominant factor, and, around him, defence has developed at the expense of attack.

Football, in fact, has travelled anti-clockwise. In the eighties England played Scotland with eight forwards. Then, finding eight attackers unwieldy, they switched to the Scots six-men attack featuring *two* centre-forwards. Next, one of the centre-forwards dropped back and became a centre-half. Later still, the centre-half dropped still farther behind and became a third back.

Today, instead of six or even five forwards going into the attack, there are often only three. Some teams play nine men in their own goal area for long periods of a game. They fall *back* in order to win.

Signs of a Change

Fortunately, there are signs of a change. The third back, symbol of stereotyped defence, may yet lose his predominance. Clubs like Derby, Preston, Tottenham Hotspur, Cardiff, Newcastle and Middlesbrough refuse to pander to barren defensive methods.

And then there is Manchester United, the team that is beginning to steal some of the Arsenal's glamour. Providing top-class entertainment from start to finish of a game, the Manchester men are skilled, scientific *attackers*.

Their success this season is an encouraging sign. Perhaps their record will persuade the modern fan, weaned on defensive, mechanical football, that attack is not only more attractive than "safety first," but more successful.

Soccer's most urgent need today is for another Herbert Chapman—a man who is not afraid to experiment, a man who, at the risk of being called a heretic, will ban the "stopper" and substitute the attacking centre-half.

That man, I think, is Matt Busby, official coach to our Olympic team. Appropriately, he is manager of Manchester United, the side that has gone over to the attack.

Busby believes in the old-fashioned five forwards attack with the wing halves linking with the wingers and inside-forwards in a classic triangular movement. And, as an old half-back himself, he wouldn't throw up his hands in horror if a half was near enough goal to score.

I believe this brilliant Scot can restore British football to full health and glory. May he do so—and soon.

ALAN HOBY

Continued from page 7

income tax purposes. The range was wide. There were eight doctors, mostly elderly, earning less than £200 a year. There were ten, aged thirty-five to fifty, earning more than £5,000 a year. But in 1939 money values the averages over this group of more than 3,000 doctors confirmed what the doctors have long suspected—that the practice of medicine rarely leads to great wealth.

One-fifth of G.P.s (20 per cent) earned less than £700 a year; 42 per cent earned less than £1,000 a year. There were 24 per cent earning £1,000-£1,300 and another 24 per cent earning £1,300-£1,600. The £1,600-£2,000 range applied only to 16 per cent of family doctors, and only 9 per cent earned more than £2,000. A similar survey of the incomes of specialists is now under way but the results will not be known for some months.

The best-loved doctors are the old-fashioned family doctors who are guides, philosophers and friends to an entire community. Not one of them has ever left a fortune. Every one of them would have done if the gratitude of people most in need of help could ever have been translated into cash.

Doctors are curious about cash. The big majority are in medicine because they never wanted to do anything else. They make a reasonably good living but there are few whose incomes would not be doubled if they really applied a business mind to the problem of unpaid bills.

The only doctor in recent years who left a really substantial fortune had been out of medicine and in business as a broker for thirty years.

Those, then, are the doctors, the profession all the fuss is about. The doctor, who to most of us has been no more than an occasional figure of comfort, has become a figure of controversy.

Most of these doctors have now expressed their opinions on the new Health Service Act. The result of their plebiscite will be significant. But what changes it will hold for the relationship between the public and the profession remains to be seen.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

"PAINTED from real life—or unreal life, whichever way you look at it," says the artist, Terence Cuneo, of this week's cover picture. "When you next see a glowing beach painting, spare a thought for the poor artist, who has probably been working on it in the Arctic temperature of his studio in winter." Think also of the poor model. In this case it's the artist's wife, "just growing a trifle belligerent," remarks Cuneo. The painter in the picture is a self-portrait.

FREE SPEECH

DUE SHORTLY TO BE called up myself, I suggest that the youth of this country, instead of being enrolled into fighting Services, should be conscripted for a year into an international youth peace organization.

Besides rebuilding our own devastated areas, this youth force could help to rebuild demolished areas of Europe. How much more logical to build international friendship in this way than to train men to fight in case another war occurs.—ANTHONY MCDONALD, The Holt, Forest Road, Loughborough, Leics.

INSANE

AS A TEMPORARY NURSE, I was shocked to find that in one mental home young children were living and sleeping in the same wards as adult mental cases of the worst kind.

The children have no teaching whatever. Some are only backward and would make useful citizens if they had extra care and teaching.—TEMPORARY NURSE. (Full name and address enclosed.)

COUPONS

MY FAMILY HAS PLENTY OF clothing coupons—ordinary, demob, young child's, expectant mother's and industrial—but only one man's wages. There are plenty of clothes we need, but no money to buy them—and we can't wear coupons.

There should be a scheme for the legal selling of unwanted coupons, so that people could utilize the ones they can afford to use.—HOUSEWIFE, Hadleigh, Essex. (Full name and address enclosed.)

PENALTY

MY SON, AGED ELEVEN, got off a bus at the traffic lights. Spotted by a school prefect, he was hauled up before a prefects' committee. His punishment was to write a three-page essay on "Buildings of Ancient Britain."

This lesson taught him more about road safety than any posters. It's an idea other schools would do well to copy.—M. C. SMITHSON, 15 Mountway, Potters Bar, Middlesex.

DISRESPECT

HAVING ARRIVED in this country recently there are many things that strike me as strange.

For instance, "God Save the King" is played every night in the cinemas after the last performance. But between the end of the film and this pompous moment, the people suddenly find themselves in a very great hurry and are running away.

I have never seen before that people are running away from their own national anthem. Is it always so in this country?—ADOLF SPRUDZS, Hatfield Hostel, near Doncaster.

KIDNAPPED

ON A RECENT FISHING TRIP to Iceland, a shipmate of mine tells me, they had an unusual stowaway. The ship's washerwoman came aboard with the laundry and, finding the cabin empty, decided to have forty winks before going back to town.

When she turned out and went up to the bridge she found herself at sea—and in a towering rage. For half an hour the ship rang to her charges of kidnapping!—P. WALBY, 16 Romsey Road, Shirley, Southampton.

Jugoslav youth build a railway. British youth could do the same, suggests a reader

P.S.

On Coal Prices; World Government; Local Government; and "Oh, Johnny!"

PITHEAD PRICE OF ordinary house coal, such as Derby Brights, averages fifty shillings a ton and not forty shillings as stated by William J. Gage in his article "Middlemen v. Housewives" (JOHN BULL, January 24). It is nonsense to imply that the difference between this price and the retail price ("between £3 5s. and £4 10s. a ton") is profit which goes into the merchant's pocket.

Although pithead price of coal has gone up since prewar days by about 110 per cent, railway charges by 55 per cent and merchant's labour costs by about 90 per cent, the merchant's own margin of profit has increased by not more than 20 per cent. And out of this must come distribution costs.

Whoever is responsible for the heavy increase in the price of domestic coal, it is not the coal merchant.—JAMES W. STEWART, The Coal Merchants' Federation of Great Britain, Victoria House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Same Price in Mining Towns

IN MOST COLLIERY districts before the war, coal was bought from the local haulage contractor at pithead prices plus a carting fee.

Today, prices are fixed by the local fuel overseer; and, though costs are obviously cheaper than in other areas, contractors charge the maximum retail price, instead of just the former carting fee.—G. H., Mapplewell, near Barnsley, Yorks. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Give U.N. a Try

YOUR ARTICLE ON Henry Usborne, M.P., who advocates world government, was titled "Crank or Crusader?" (JOHN BULL, January 24). Usborne is no crank. His aim is the same as ours—to get the nations united. But it's a goal that must be reached by steady progress.

In the United Nations we have a beginning.

Let's develop what we've already got—and first make the *United Nations* work!—ANDREW BOYD, United Nations Association, 11 Maiden Lane, London, W.C.2.

Go East, Young Men

YOUR READERS have shown considerable interest in the Crusade for world government since publication of Harry Hopkins's article, and particularly in our visit to the U.S.S.R.

We should like to tell them that arrangements are now nearly complete, though so far we have only £350 towards the £800 required.—D. E. CAMERON, 6 Caroline Terrace, S.W.1.

∴ *Eighteen-year-old Euan Cameron and twenty-three year old Philip Young plan to tour Russia and Eastern Europe in a propaganda van campaigning for world government by 1955.*—EDITOR.

Over to You, Ratepayers

I SHOULD LIKE TO point out to Mrs. H. L. Austen, who accused the two political parties in this district of trying to "disfranchise a whole ward for ten months" by agreeing not to fight for a vacant seat (JOHN BULL, January 24), that any two ratepayers can declare a seat vacant by making application to the town clerk.—COUNCILLOR, Clapham Junction, London, S.W.11. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Johnny's a Washout . . .

I FULLY AGREE with Mrs. V. A., Reading, that your comic strip, "Oh, Johnny!" is a washout (JOHN BULL, January 24).

May I suggest that a comic strip in a family paper belongs to the children, and I look forward to seeing "Oh, Johnny!" replaced by something really comic and suitable for the youngsters.—MRS. S. NOBLE, 185 Covington Way, London, S.W.16.

. . . One of the Family

WE LIKE JOHNNY, sympathize with his predicaments and are highly entertained by his ingenious methods of escape. He is more than a family favourite: he's one of the family.—MRS. IVY B. RIGBY, 47 Docker Road, Birmingham, 31.

. . . Really Funny

THERE ARE NINE MEMBERS of our family, aged from six to forty-three, and I can honestly say that everyone gets a really hearty laugh out of Johnny's weekly scrapes. Mrs. V. A.'s liver must be out of order.—B. M. SEED, 994 Burnage Lane, Manchester, 19.

. . . He's Cute

THAT CUTE LITTLE MAN Johnny is doing work of national importance in bringing a quiet chuckle once a week into our lives. The fun is clean, honest, simple and without malice. Carry on with the good work.—JOHN GRAY, 1 Warrender Road, Tufnell Park, London, N.19.

More Whip for Ladies

YOUR CORRESPONDENT A. Archer, who advocated a standard cycle on the lines of the present ladies' model to save steel tubing (JOHN BULL, January 24) is obviously not a cyclist.

There *is* a crossbar on a ladies' model—but in a different position. Structural advantage of a crossbar is that it braces the saddle and causes less "whip" in motion.—KEITH J. BENNETT, 23 Brocks Drive, North Cheam, Surrey.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean the Editor has overlooked them. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

JOHN BULL QUIZ

NAMES

(1) What is the Benjamin of a family? (2) Which Prime Minister gave his name to a bag, and which duke his to some boots? (3) To what process did Louis Pasteur give his name? (4) Why was Dora unpopular (and who was she)?

BOTANY

(1) To which flowers are onions most nearly related? (2) Where are the Royal Botanic Gardens? (3) Does it take more or less than five pounds of roses to make one ounce of attar of roses? (4) Which two berries are supposed to have been crossed to produce the loganberry?

PIRATES

(1) What is the traditional emblem on a pirate's flag? (2) What was the Spanish Main? (3) Who is the pirate captain in *Peter Pan*? (4) What was Long John Silver's favourite song?

BELLS

(1) Who wrote the famous poem "The Bells," introducing the word "tintinnabulation" for ringing? (2) What is the science of bellringing called? (3) What is the name of Dorothy L. Sayers's detective story dealing with bell-ringing? (4) Which is the clock called after the name of the bell in its clock tower?

(Answers on page 22)

If the butcher throws in marrow bones with the meat ration, there's a chance to give the family a break at dinner

DOWN TO THE BONE

by KAY SMALLSHAW

WHEN I CALLED for my slim little bit of mid-week meat the other day, my butcher beamed and handed me a brown-paper parcel as well. Too big and heavy for liver, I thought; what can it be?

When I got home and unwrapped the prize I discovered real marrow bones. To put such richness casually into the pot seemed wanton, so I carefully scraped out the rosy contents of the big bones and put it on one side.

But though my kitchen shelf is well stocked, none of the books told me how to prepare marrow bones or marrow. Should I tip it all into the stockpot, or just create my own recipe?

Hesitating, I thought of Francatelli. My husband had found Francatelli's *Cook's Guide* in the shilling box outside a book shop and had given it to me last Christmas. Few presents have brought me so much pleasure as this book by Charles Elmé Francatelli, *maître d'hôtel* and chief cook to Queen Victoria.

Stand-in for a Pudding

He tells you, in the greatest detail, not only how to prepare the most elaborate dinners but the best way to cook, say, Yarmouth bloaters, and how to make a really good cup of tea. So I looked up "marrow" and found "marrow bones, croustades, patties and toast à la Victoria."

The last idea seemed promising. All you had to do, apparently, was to parboil the marrow, cut into small pieces, in salted water for a minute. Then drain, season with salt, pepper, chopped parsley, lemon juice and "a mere suspicion of shallot," and spread on hot dry toast. I omitted the shallot and added a dash of vinegar to replace the lemon.

Served instead of a pudding this new kind of savoury toast was eaten with gusto. When my husband asked for more I wasn't surprised, for Francatelli had written in a footnote: "Marrow toast used to be eaten every day at dinner by the queen at the time when I had the honour of waiting on her majesty."

Flushed by my success, I glanced through dozens of the old master's soup recipes in the hope of finding something humble but good. All were beyond present resources, unfortunately.

When bones are used, the first rule is that they should be simmered in plain water for several hours with salt for flavouring. Use a very low heat and remember, simmering is not boiling. Once the saucepanful has come to the boil, the heat should be the gentlest possible.

Pour off the liquid and leave overnight. Next morning the fat will have formed a crust which can be lifted off and clarified for further use. The stock beneath won't be disagreeably greasy, either. To make a large quantity of soup, add fresh water and salt and simmer the bones again.

Variation of an Old Friend

When vegetables are scarce but a good thick soup seems the thing, try this variation of our old friend, mulligatawny:

For three pints of stock, heat in a frying pan about two tablespoonfuls of the fat skimmed from the top. Lightly fry four or five tablespoonfuls of chopped onions, shallots, leeks, celery, or a mixture of all or any of them. Then add a chopped apple and fry that, together with a small spoonful of chutney or sweet pickle. Mix a bare tablespoonful of curry powder with one of flour and slake with a little cold stock that you have kept on one side for the purpose.

Have ready the boiling stock. Gradually add enough to the pan till the mixture is smooth, then pour it all back into the saucepanful of stock. Sprinkle in a couple of tablespoonfuls of medium oatmeal or fine semolina. Throw in a good handful of pearl barley for extra bulk. Boil for a few minutes, stirring all the time. Then simmer another three-quarters of an hour, stirring occasionally.

If you have any bottled tomatoes, the following is almost better:

After frying the onion, shallot, celery or whatever there is, add about half of a pound bottle of tomatoes and a good pinch of thyme. Mix the curry powder, using only a full dessertspoonful, with the tomato liquid. Thicken with oatmeal or semolina as before, but instead of pearl barley use haricot beans. Soak these overnight first, and if they seem very hard partly cook them first, too.

That Little Extra Something

A grated swede added to the stock just before the fried mixture is added will give a little extra goodness and flavour.

Both the pan mixtures described above make a good relish with the rather tasteless cod fillets or cutlets, though I use somewhat less curry powder. Spread the fish with the mixture or use it as a stuffing. Cover with a greased paper and cook in a moderate oven for about half an hour. If the oven is not "on," put the fish in the frying pan, cover with a lid or old plate and cook gently, turning and basting halfway.

with my feet up

Nutrition Machine

SOMEONE HAS INVENTED a restaurant like a factory production line. The customer sits on a conveyor belt which moves past a counter at five feet a minute. As he passes certain points the various courses are hurled at him.

The rate of movement is calculated to give him exactly five minutes to eat the soup, ten minutes for the main course and five minutes for sweet and coffee. Then, I imagine, a mechanical hand comes up, grabs him by the collar and the seat of the pants, and throws him into the street.

The sponsors of this cafeteria are said to be wishing to test the public's reaction to the idea of finishing each course in a fixed time.

Soon, I suppose, someone will design a cafeteria where you don't even need to eat. You will simply sit on a moving seat with your mouth open and food, ready chewed by machinery, will be stuffed into it.

Then they'll think of all sorts of other things which will spoil your lunch but save you time. Bootblacks will sit under the counter and clean your shoes as you go past. You'll be able to get a haircut with the main course and a shampoo with the sweet.

* * *

What is going to happen when boy meets girl in one of these mechanized mouth-fillers?

"Darling," he coos as they sit on the conveyor belt, "you set every fibre in my being vibrating."

"That's the seat, not me," she says coldly. (She thought he was going to take her to the Kozy Tea Room.)

He worships her with his eyes. "Sweetest, I could listen to you eating soup all day," he says.

"Well, it looks as if you've had yours," she says, as they reach the end of the soup belt and his untouched plate is whisked off into a slot.

Some minutes later he steals a hand under the counter and clasps her fingers. "Let go," she says, "or I shall never finish this minced whale sausage in time."

So they go on through the sweet. With a last-minute gulp she just manages to beat the machine to her coffee. The starving boy, however, doesn't even get as far as putting the sugar in the cup.

by Ian Fox

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

Jossop hadn't made his pile by missing opportunities, and it didn't take him long to see the advantages of having a real ghost as a partner. But even ghosts have their price

THE GHOST AND THE JOSSOPS

by CLIVE BURNLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

NOBODY KNOWS THE TRUTH about the Jossops except me, and I will tell it to you only on the express condition that you do not ask me how I came to know it. I had better begin at the very beginning. . . .

Edmund Jossop was the type of man who rates three paragraphs in the *Directory of Directors*. He was a financial octopus. People who built toy engines in the Midlands or real ones in Lancashire, who mined gold in Canada or coal in the Congo—all these and a variety of other industrious folk contributed in some way to Jossop's prosperity.

So Jossop, who was a widower with an inflated figure, one pretty daughter and so much money that he felt he could never really have enough, decided to buy himself a country seat.

As soon as this got around, castles and mansions were laid at his feet all over the country, including Fitzgorbal Towers, where the tenth Baron Fitzgorbal was living on tips from tourists and some doubtful connections in the used car market, inhabiting what used to be the butler's pantry.

Jossop thought the price a cheap one. He wasn't a qualified surveyor and he didn't really appreciate that the sanitary arrangements, like the oriel windows, were genuine Tudor. Anyhow, Rosemary, his daughter, fell in love with the Towers, so that was that.

"I think I ought to warn you," said the baron, "that the place conforms to tradition to the extent of harbouring a ghost, the apparition of the third baron, who hanged himself in the east wing in 1740 after a fashionable life of crime and dissipation. He only appears to the owner of the house, which will, of course, be yourself, but he is perfectly harmless."

Jossop took this as a piece of sales talk. He bought the house, ripped the Unicorn Room to pieces and turned it into an even more luxurious office than the one he had at Cornhill, and paid a firm of landscape gardeners a small fortune to tidy up the park and fill up the hollow oak trees with concrete. He had new plumbing installed, laid out new tennis courts for Rosemary and bought her horses to ride, and, by and large, spent so much money on the place that he became quite attached to it.

He first saw the ghost in broad daylight. He found him sitting in the Unicorn Room, now the office—a cadaverous looking fellow in a cocked hat and a skirted coat, taking snuff.

How the devil did you get in here?" asked Jossop. "I got in through the wall," said the ghost. "I can get in through walls ten feet thick. It wouldn't be any use your trying to shut *me* out."

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed Jossop, "I wouldn't dream of trying to shut you out!"

"Well, ods-fish!" said the ghost, "I must say that's very sociable of you. I'm a sociable soul myself and there have been times in the last two hundred years when I've felt quite lonely. It's a delightful change to meet a person who doesn't even *want* to shut you out. Do me the honour of accepting a pinch of snuff."

Jossop tried, but the snuffbox was as thin as air.

"Ods-fiddlesticks!" said the ghost. "I forgot. You're in a different dimension. You can't take my snuff any more than I can smoke your cigars. It's awkward."

"Damned awkward," said Jossop.

"You know," the ghost went on, "I *like* you. You're a friendly person, and there hasn't really been a friendly person in Fitzgorbal Towers since the seventh baron, and he was always too drunk to be interesting.

"I'm sorry you can't take my snuff. But there's something I *can* do to show my appreciation."

"Really?" said Jossop. "What's that?"

"WELL," said the ghost, "I get around and I keep my eyes open. It may surprise you to know that the two mares Reeves bought for you last week are both spavined crocks he purchased at a ridiculous figure. Your chauffeur runs a motor cycle entirely upon your petrol.

"Four bottles of your finest crusted port were taken to enliven a silver wedding party given by Barlow's aunt last Wednesday night. The blonde maid with the snub nose is a scout for a gang of thieves, and has already made herself acquainted with the whereabouts of your valuables. And the young man who calls himself Count Alessandro Puinoquio, and who is making such remarkable progress with your daughter, is in fact a Soho waiter."

"Good God!" cried Jossop. "Do you really mean to say. . . ."

"I do indeed," said the ghost. "Just make a few inquiries and see for yourself.

"I'll be back tomorrow, same time, same place, to see how you got on," he added, sinking slowly through the floor and raising his hat when his head was only a foot above the carpet.

Jossop found the ghost was right in every particular. He dismissed the servants, sent Count Puinoquio about his business and bought Rosemary a new car to console herself with. And promptly at the appointed hour next day, seeping down through the ceiling, the ghost returned.

"It must be a wonderful thing," said Jossop enviously, "to be able to come down drainpipes and through floors and

"I've been everywhere with your daughter," said the ghost. "She can't see me, of course, but all the same I feel we're old friends"

up chimneys, just like that. I wish I could."

"Do you?" exclaimed the ghost. "Why?"

"Why?" echoed Jossop. "Well, my dear fellow, the possibilities are endless. I'd crawl under the door at 11 Downing Street and find out what's in the Budget. I'd ooze into the boardroom of the Amalgamated Tintack Corporation and find out the truth about their concessions in Panama. I'd . . . well, dammit all, I'd make my fortune."

"Ods-bodikins," cried the ghost, "haven't you done that already?"

"Not so much as you'd think," said Jossop, who was always canny when the conversation took this angle. "Sometimes I wonder whether I can really afford to run this place or not."

"What?" cried the ghost. "Don't say you're going to pack up and go just when we're getting to know each other. I can only appear to the owner, you know—it's in my licence. You can't just disappear like that."

"If I had your attainments," said Jossop, "I wouldn't have to worry."

"Supposing you had," said the ghost. "What would you do this very moment?"

"What would I do?" said Jossop. "Well, I'd float up to London. I'd float under the door of Sir Karl Budge's office at number one thousand and eleven Leadenhall Street. I'd listen very carefully to a meeting that I happen to know is taking place there this afternoon—I'd make a hundred thousand pounds."

"I don't think I've been to London these hundred and twenty years past," said the ghost. "One thousand and eleven, wasn't it? But remember"—and this time, for the sake of variety, the ghost drew himself out very thinly and disappeared feet first through the keyhole—"remember, I don't promise anything. Be up here at five o'clock."

THAT was how the successful firm of Jossop and Shade was founded. At ten minutes past five that evening Jossop was telephoning his stockbrokers, and in point of fact he made £116,000. The ghost was as proud as a peacock about his success and Jossop spent the rest of the evening flattering the conceited spirit.

"Who were you talking to, Daddy?" asked Rosemary, when she came up to say good night.

"Oh—I was on the phone," said Jossop.

"Ods-body!" said the ghost, when she had gone, "that's an uncommon fine wench, that daughter of yours."

Thereafter, the ghost was very ready to undertake Jossop's spying. It gave him an interest in life, or after-life. As he said, eternity was so tedious.

And from being just one of the financial colossi, Jossop became not merely a legend but a holy terror in the City of London. He alone made a profit when Patagonian Petroleum crashed so disastrously; he cornered Amalgamated Lighthouses; he brought about the Beetel-Nut and Bettws-y-Coed Fluepipes mergers. The Jossop fortune grew.

First hint of any flaw in the system came one day when the ghost turned up late for his daily assignment.

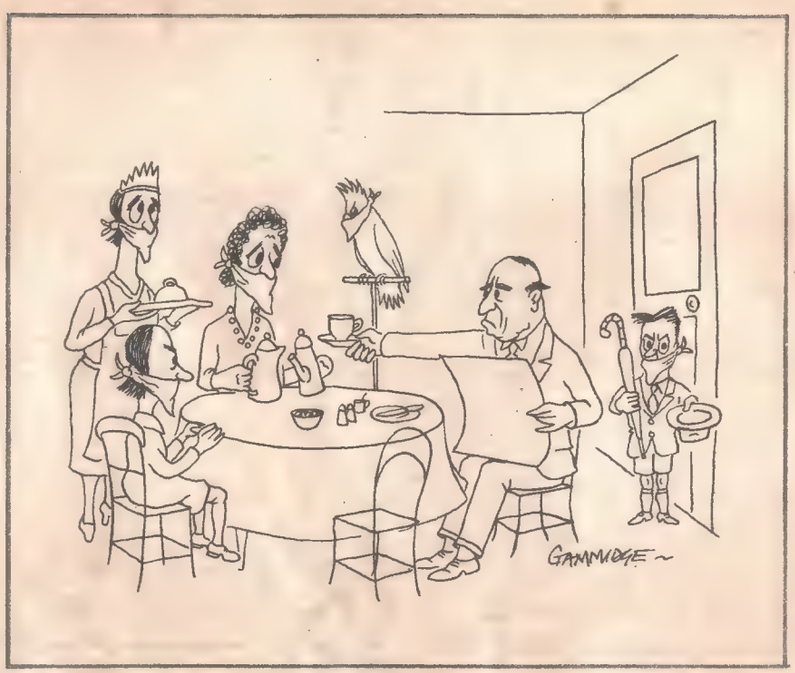
"Above all," Jossop exclaimed, "I must and will have punctuality. If we hadn't been on time at Bloxo's board meeting last week we'd have lost half a million. . . ."

"*You* would have done," said the ghost. "It wouldn't have made any difference to *me*. Did you ever think of that?"

"My dear fellow," said Jossop. "That may be. But there's such a thing as taking a pride in your work."

"And there's such a thing," said the ghost, "as the labourer being worthy of his hire."

"What can I do about it?" demanded



Jossop. "You're in a different dimension, aren't you? If I were to give you half a million pounds in golden sovereigns it'd just fall through your pockets on to the floor. It's not that I *want* to be mean. But what can I do?"

The ghost shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know," he said glumly.

Then he rubbed his nose thoughtfully. "Delightful girl your daughter is," he said. "It was on account of a girl that I hanged myself, you know. But, ods-bodikins! she couldn't hold a candle to your daughter."

"She certainly is a picture," agreed Jossop, glad to change the subject, "though I say it myself. . . . Now, you remember Doodle and Muckworthy's office in London Wall? Well, now, if you get there soon after lunch, say about three. . . ."

The ghost listened silently and finally went off on his mission without a word.

But next day the matter came to a head. The ghost was thirty-five minutes late, which was particularly exasperating to Jossop because the Cabinet meeting he wished the ghost to attend had already started.

"There's no excuse whatever!" said Jossop, thumping his desk with his hand. "How on earth do you expect to keep your position if you go on behaving like this?"

"Ods-body!" cried the ghost. "But this is too much, upon my soul it is!"

"Don't run away with the idea that you're the only ghost in the world, either," Jossop went on. "People have been dying at the rate of millions a day for Lord knows how long. I could get half a dozen ghosts tomorrow who'd jump at the chance."

"Could you?" said the ghost.

"Scores of them," shouted Jossop "Any amount of them."

"Very well," said the ghost. "In that case you don't need me any more."

HE began to slide sideways through the bookcases. "I'm going to float across to the bathroom to watch that delightful daughter of yours. I'd far rather do that than stay here to be insulted. She's an uncommon fine wench."

"You may go to the Devil!" shouted Jossop.

The ghost did not return for three weeks. Many things happened to Jossop in that time. The City learned with relief that the mighty Jossop was human enough to err, and the police, at one stage, took a definite interest in his behaviour. He was arrested after having been found stuck head downwards in a chimney in the Cornhill office of Golkenstein and Splitz. Only loyal and well-paid lying by his doctor saved him from jail.

At his wits' end, Jossop imported a succession of mediums to Fitzgorbal Towers, and spent his days at séances in his darkened office. But, although he received a number of tender messages from Great-Uncle Hugh and much advice from several Red Indian chiefs, no handy spectre of the type he wished to meet ever appeared.

And in the meantime, in one frantic gamble after another, the Jossop millions were beginning to dwindle.

IT was in the middle of one of the séances that the ghost chose to return. He came up through the floor, drew himself up into a thin shape nine feet high and then squashed himself down to a blob about twenty-four inches round. The medium of the hour, a Mrs. Chozzpatrick, —truly psychic for once—leapt from the room, fell down the staircase and was safely in the cottage hospital before the interview between Jossop and Shade was over.

"How've you been getting on?" asked the ghost.

"Well," said Jossop, trying hard not to make his relief too evident, "I . . . that is to say. . . ."

"Ods-peanuts!" said the ghost. "You can't kid me. I know. Incorporated Antimacassars beat you, didn't they? And what did you lose on Uruguayan Subways? Half a million, wasn't it?"

"I know!" said Jossop miserably, nearly crying. "You've ruined me, that's what you've done."

"Come, come," said the ghost. "You haven't got that far yet. Weren't you going to find a score of ghosts to take my place, by the way?"

"I . . . I tried," said Jossop, "but I couldn't."

"Of course you couldn't," said the ghost. "There aren't many spirits operating on an 'A' licence, like me. I could have told you that, if you'd listened."

"Ah, but you've come back," said Jossop. "You missed it, you know you did—the excitement, the adventure, the trips to London."

"Oh, not particularly," said the ghost, helping himself to a pinch of snuff. "I've had quite a nice time, thank you. I've been everywhere, literally everywhere, with your daughter Rosemary. A remarkably fine lady. The pinnacle of feminine perfection. She hasn't been able to see me, of course, or hear me, but all the same I feel we're old friends.

"You know," said the ghost reminiscently, "it makes me think what a fool I was. Now Rosemary—there's someone worth hanging yourself for."

"And so," said Jossop, "because you've fallen in love with my daughter, you've come back to help her poor old father."

"Well—on my own terms," said the ghost.

"Any terms," said Jossop. "I'm at your mercy."

"Very well," said the ghost. "We'll settle this little matter, and then I'll be off to the directors' meeting of Borneo Cosmetics. Yes, I've kept in touch."

"That's right!" cried Jossop. "Borneo Cosmetics! There's not a moment to lose. Off you go, at once!"

"Wait a minute," said the ghost. "We haven't settled those terms yet."

"Don't worry," said Jossop, "I give in, whatever they are. You can have my immortal soul if you like."

"I don't want your immortal soul,"

Continued on page 21

WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT MONEY

Money is indeed the most important thing in the world; and all sound and successful personal and national morality should have this fact for its basis.—*George Bernard Shaw.*

All progress is based upon a universal innate desire on the part of every organism to live beyond its income.—*Samuel Butler.*

To suppose, as we all suppose, that we could be rich and not behave as the rich behave is like supposing that we could drink all day and stay sober.—*Logan Pearsall Smith.*

When the rich assemble to concern themselves with the business of the poor it is called charity. When the poor assemble to concern themselves with the business of the rich it is called anarchy. —*Paul Richard.*

The holy passion of friendship is of so sweet and steady and loyal and enduring a nature that it will last through a whole lifetime, if not asked to lend money.—*Mark Twain.*

A person who can't pay gets another person who can't pay to guarantee that he can pay.—*Charles Dickens.*

Let it not be said of us that our moneyed men were gay, while those from whom they made their money were famishing for food.—*Gandhi.*

I had found that money was like a sixth sense without which you couldn't make the most of the other five.—*Somerset Maugham.*

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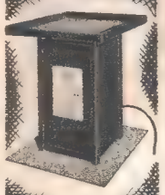

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Why do we sleep?

Do we sleep because we are physically exhausted, or is it to get away from unpleasant daily experiences? Is it because, as some say, all nature moves in rhythms and so must we; or because we like to make-believe we are children again?

These are only some of the theories put forward to answer the question: "Why do we sleep?" Actually, of course, there is no one single reason. What we do know, however, is that sleep, to be of value, must be *deep* rather than *long*. For it is in this deep sleep that our energy is restored. That is where the value of Horlicks lies. For Horlicks is more than just a soothing, comforting drink—it is a promise of that very sleep we need for renewed vitality next day. . . .

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The children think it's not much fun.

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There's Bisto gravy with the meat.

ah!

BISTO

FOR ALL MEAT DISHES

Continued from page 18

said the ghost irritably. "But I tell you what, Jossop"—he coughed—"I think your daughter is a fine woman, a superlative woman, I really do."

"Eh?" said Jossop. "My dear fellow, I see what you mean. I won't say I wouldn't like to have you as a son-in-law, a fine handsome young man like yourself. But consider, my dear chap, you're a ghost, remember, thin as air."

"Ods-whips!" cried the ghost angrily, "And what if I am? Don't you think I have feelings the same as other people?"

"All the same. . . ."

"Well, then," said the ghost, "if you know I've got feelings, have a little more sympathy. Look what I've done for you. I've earned you close on three million pounds, and most of it free of income tax. Where's your gratitude? I only want a little help."

"Help?" cried Jossop. "But what *can* I do? You couldn't even touch my daughter — she's in a different dimension!"

"As to that," said the ghost, folding his arms, "it could easily be remedied. You've a little Colt automatic in that right-hand drawer, fully loaded. It would be quite sufficient for the purpose."

"No!" cried Jossop. "No!"

"Is that your last word?"

White as the ghost himself, Jossop nodded. "Very well," said the ghost firmly. "Then I will leave you. You will never know what dividend Borneo Cosmetics intend to pay, until they pay it. Casablanca Potsherds will continue to be a mystery to you. I'm sorry, but your ingratitude has brought it on your own head. I am leaving," said the ghost, beginning to sink inch by inch through the carpet, "And this time I will *never* come back."

"Don't go!" cried Jossop frantically.

"Say you abide by my terms, then," said the ghost, still slowly descending.

"How can I?" cried Jossop. "Ask me anything else! Anything!"

"Say yes or no," said the ghost, the buttons on his coat disappearing one by one.

"Come back!" screamed Jossop. "Yes! Yes! I'll do anything! Come back, I tell you! I'll do it—I swear I will!"

The ghost stopped, with his chin on the fender. He sniffed audibly.

"Ods-body," he said, "It's affecting —damme if it isn't." He slowly rose to his full height and studied the gibbering Jossop, whose jowl shone with perspiration.

"I've told you before," said the

Continued on page 22

Volumes of Education

GREAT interest has been aroused by the announcement in JOHN BULL last week of the publication of the twelve-volume New Educational Library which has taken six years to prepare at a cost of £50,000.

The work has been prepared under the supervision of the Advisory Editor, Lord Gorell, C.B.E., M.C., M.A., who has been assisted by an Advisory Council and twelve editorial panels, including over 100 experts, scholars and writers.

The Library is being made available to the public at a price everyone can afford and under a special distribution plan of a volume every five weeks for those who desire the whole Library.

JOHN BULL readers who have not yet sent in for details of this work still have time to do so. They should write to the publishers, Odhams Press Ltd. (Dept. J.P.E.), 49 Neal Street, London, W.C.2.

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1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated March 13, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

TAKE THIS SURE WAY

"I always take *Bullets Bulletin*," said First Prize-winner J. E. Hurley. "It is the sure way to success."

The label below can bring you a copy of this invaluable guide, which has helped thousands of readers to success in JOHN BULL'S competitions. Use it without fail and set yourself on the road to the prize-list.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line — then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Fate Of The World
Real Peace
Job To Do
The Common Herd
Red Russia
Thing To Remember
Her Voice
Millions
Strong And Silent
On The Side
Trampled Underfoot
Hasn't An Earthly
Must Be Love
Winked At
Came The Dawn And
Having A Thin Time
Cats' Concert
Didn't Hesitate
Burning With Zeal
In Dad's Workshop

Incomplete "Examples" — see instructions

The Biggest .....
Wouldn't Mind .....
Took The .....
Perfectly .....
Treated Like .....
No Good To....., So

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,617 (or XWORD 569) "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.).

Cash and Parcels

this week—value up to

£100 First Prize

Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up—Big Surprise Parcel from Selfridges with each prize value £1 or over.

£225

THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to make out extra Squares on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

Across Clues — **XWORD 569**

1. Reproductions of old masters grace many a treasured one
2. What would make good this, is at times found wasted in woods
4. One may be penitent
7. Church provides many with
9. Cost of one is clearly laid down
13. Delivery of one is sometimes surprisingly poor
14. One occasionally develops to a really dramatic climax

Down Clues

3. Keen youngster does this when he's late for work
5. Like river
6. Is rather apt to lack sense of proportion
8. Greengrocer is annoyed at customer who expects to be given this
9. Secretary may help boss out with
10. If you possibly can, you'll try to avoid gloomy one
11. On certain kinds of this you won't expect to find peak
12. To keep on talking through this makes one unpopular

"BULLETS" WINNERS No. 1,613

FIRST PRIZE, £1,000 and Three Wishes: D. R. Davies, 2 Stuart Street, Pontyclun, Glam: HELPING BRITANNIA DRIPPING BROWS—DIPPING BOWS.

SECOND PRIZE, £100: G. Scott, 8 Holyoake Avenue, Bispham Road, Blackpool: SURGEON CRIPPS — MADE "THE WRITING" *Clear*.

THIRD PRIZE, £25: Mrs. F. Bracklaw, 64 Florida Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey: SMOULDERING — "MATERIAL" PAPERHANGER LEFT BEHIND.

OTHER AWARDS: £20: W. R. Bowie, Crakaig, Loth, Sutherland: STAIRWAY TO SUCCESS—ILL-LIT FOR THE ILLITERATE. £15: Miss M. Lood, 10 Cranleigh Avenue, Sneyd Green, Hanley: PRICELESS UNO—OR YOU KNOW PRICE! £10: Mrs. D. Barnes, "Casita," Brede, Nr. Rye: OUR VILLAGE—MARCHING ON—"HALT" MADE!

SIX OF £5: P. J. Baker, 4 Wellington Lane, Montpelier, Bristol, 6: IN LIFE'S BATTLE—DISABLED *Don't* WANT "CARRYING." G. Cleghorn, 21 Carr Bottom Grove, Little Horton, Bradford: OUR VILLAGE—BAND. EVEN PUZZLES *Echo*! R. G. Coates, 51 Heathfield Road, Heath, Cardiff: WITH A SONG IN HER HEART—"ALWAYS," "MY OLD DUTCH." Miss D. Egginton, c/o "Highgate," New Road, Armitage, Rugeley: SMOULDERING — IN STATELY ICINESS, MOTHER-IN-LAW! R. Fraser, 9 Herbert Road, Bexleyheath: "WHAT'S THE TARGET?"—REPLACING "WHAT'S THE TIME?" J. H. Saunders, Whoberley Hostel, Broad Lane, Coventry: WITH A SONG IN HER HEART—GRANDMA, SHARING GRANDPA'S HYMN-BOOK.

Ten Prizes of £2, 20 of £1, 30 of 10s., 100 of 5s., and 1,948 "Good Shots" have been posted.

2 BIG CHEQUES WON

XWORD 565

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Spin. 3, Boat. 7, Pick. 10, Row. 11, Yell. 14, Laws. 15, Wines. DOWN: 2, Pal. 4, Toady. 5, Mule. 6, Gill. 8, Mail. 9, Months or Mouths. 12, Wain. 13, Rag.

TWO £100 SHARERS: E. C. Cooper, School House, Bierton, Aylesbury, Bucks; J. E. Pinfield, 10 Regis Road, Tettenhall, Staffs. Winners receive Surprise Parcels in addition.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 27 entrants.

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430

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EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

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B. .....

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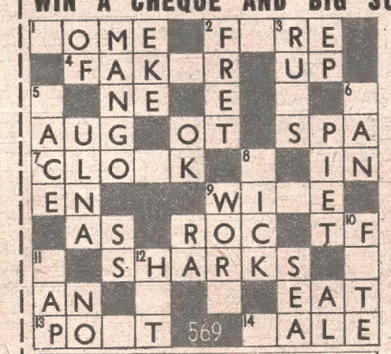

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated March 6.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

569 Closing Postmark MON., FEB. 23

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Signed .....

Address .....

AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

PRACTISING WHAT YOU PREACH

The bishop treated himself to a long and hearty laugh

"THE PERISHING old hypocrite!" exclaimed a woman friend of mine, reading aloud an item out of the newspaper. It was about a man whose wife said he came home the worse for drink at two in the morning, carrying a barmaid's garters; and then, later, went to a mission hall and preached on temperance.

Still, I wouldn't call the man a hypocrite—or not without further evidence. I suppose his wife thought him a hypocrite, or she wouldn't have raked up that little bit of personal history in court; but women seldom understand the workings of a man's mind about this kind of thing.

It's possible, of course, that he acquired the garters during his experimental studies of the drink question, and intended to use them as an illustration for his lectures. But even if he acquired them without any thought of scientific knowledge, purely in the pursuit of pleasure, I still see no reason for calling him a hypocrite.

Why Waste a Gift?

It's very easy for people to say a man should practise what he preaches, but life often fails to work out that way.

Some of us have a great gift for preaching, and some a great gift for practising; but the two gifts are not always granted to the same person.

No one expects a man with a gift for practising the virtues to stop doing so simply because he lacks a gift for preaching about them. Why, then, should we expect a man with a gift for preaching to waste that gift in silence, merely because he lacks the gift for practising the virtues he recommends to others?

I feel I can speak with a good deal of understanding about this difficulty. My own gifts, such as they are, have always been more in the preaching than the practising line. I can picture and describe the good life, down to the last detail. But when it comes to living it, the dumbest man I know can often do better.

What makes it all the more painful is that, when a chap gets a reputation for trying hard to live a good life, other people tend to magnify his little slips out of all proportion.

Whereas, when a chap's got a lifelong reputation for being a bad lad, he can get away with almost anything. People are always finding excuses for him. They say: "Well, you know what he is, poor chap. He simply can't help it."

It's quite unfair, of course. The excuses should be made for the man who is striving so hard to live the good life. He's suffering under a far greater strain; and when his controls do burst, they're bound to go with a bang. I suppose that's why it's always such a shock to the neighbours.

Besides, there's a lot to be said in favour of an occasional burst. Many a good man is all the better for it. A thousand niggling little temptations are all purged away in one go.

Once he's had his burst, and got it over and done with, he feels clean and sweet again. The void left by the purging is filled with a bubbling new spring of human kindness. He feels strong and light and free—capable of living a perfect life for months to come.

That, of course, is a simple, psychological fact: but it's extraordinarily difficult to get people to see it—especially when the chap on the burst is a professional good man, such as a temperance preacher or a parson.

I remember a taxi-driver friend of mine who, on weekdays, lived very much as the fancy took him, but regularly went to church on Sundays. He came up to me on the rank one day, looking appalled, and exclaiming: "I'm finished with religion!"

Bishop in a Hurry

It seemed he'd just had a bishop in his cab. The bishop wanted to get to Waterloo Station in a hurry, and they'd got stuck in a traffic block in one of the back streets off Piccadilly Circus.

My friend, naturally anxious to do his utmost for a bishop, got down off his cab, and walked up to the end of the street to see if he could do anything to clear the block.

There, he found a policeman whom he informed about the bishop's hurry. But the policeman wasn't impressed. Perhaps he'd already had a basinful of traffic troubles that day. At all events, he made a suggestion about what the bishop could do, and then sternly ordered the driver back to his cab.

When he got back, the bishop, of course, wanted to know what the policeman had said.

Cabby Was Shocked

My friend, going hot and cold by turns, what with anger at the policeman and embarrassment before the bishop, said he couldn't bring himself to repeat such things in front of so holy a man.

"Oh, come!" pleaded the bishop. "Do tell me!"

But at that moment the block cleared, giving my friend an excuse to get on with his driving.

When the bishop got out at Waterloo, he asked again what the policeman had said; and again the driver refused to repeat it.

"Well, let *me* try," said the bishop. "Stop me when I come to it."

And there on the station (said my friend), in the broad light of day, dressed in his gaiters and apron and all, the bishop made more suggestions than even a taxi-driver could have thought of, let alone a policeman.

My friend was too shocked to try to stop him when he got to the right one. The bishop began at the beginning and went on until he came to the end. Then he looked at the driver's face, treated himself to a long and hearty laugh, and went on his way rejoicing.

But, as I pointed out to my friend, there was nothing in that to be shocked about. I'm sure the bishop felt he'd put the finishing touch to a very pleasant London holiday, and went off back to his flock filled with a new spirit, all braced up to be a better bishop than he'd ever been before.

Answers to Quiz on Page 15

NAMES. (1) The youngest and best loved. (2) Gladstone; Wellington. (3) Pasteurization—a heat treatment of milk, etc., to destroy germs. (4) The name comes from the initials of the Defence of the Realm Act which was associated with many unpopular restrictions during and after the first World War.

BOTANY. (1) Lilies. (2) At Kew (near London). (3) More—about 250 pounds. (4) Blackberry and raspberry.

PIRATES. (1) The skull and crossbones. (2) The coast along the north part of South America; later applied to the seas off that coast. (3) Captain Hook. (4) "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest."

BELLS. (1) Edgar Allan Poe. (2) Campanology. (3) *Nine Tailors*. (4) That of the Houses of Parliament—Big Ben.

Continued from page 21

ghost, "that I have my feelings. I decline to take advantage of your discomposure. I absolutely forbid—do you hear?—I forbid you to harm a single hair of your charming daughter's head. You will, however, instantly telephone your solicitor and arrange for Fitzgorbal Towers to be transferred to your daughter, without any restriction or limit of title whatsoever."

"But. . . ."

"I shan't forget you, my good fellow," said the ghost. "I shall see to it that reliable reports reach you through your daughter. These interesting chats will cease, of course, since I can only appear to the owner, but I don't forget a good turn."

"I don't know what to say," Jossop moaned.

"Then I will tell you," said the ghost. "Lift the receiver and speak slowly and clearly."

HE was clever, that ghost. An affair with a ghost has to be a spiritual sort of relationship, of course. But he doesn't have to fear any rivals, although Miss Jossop is a lovely creature—with *such* poise. If any attentive male shows up, all the skeletons in his cupboard are soon out for an airing and he doesn't stand any more chance than Count Puinoquio did.

Besides, what man could give her what the ghost can? It's not surprising she has poise. Nobody can have secrets from her. All women are terrified of her—terrified of the sly hints she gives to show she knows all about their little black pasts and their little white lies; terrified of the power she has over their husbands; and jealous of the way she has famous people at her beck and call.

Sometimes, when they are together, Rosemary will tell the ghost: "Father's fretting again."

"Oh, tell him to buy Alaskan Mangoes," advises the ghost.

The tips aren't so reliable now, of course, but much to his surprise Jossop finds it rather more fun now that he loses sometimes. And he's very much more welcome at the club.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Marriage Rebate

A MAN of twenty-seven who intends getting married in the near future asks a question about income tax allowance for a married man. He writes:

"I understand that if a taxpayer marries or has an addition to his family, he gets a rebate of tax. Which is the best month of this financial year to marry for getting the maximum rebate?"

If a man marries before the end of the current income tax year, he will be recoded as a married man with effect from April 6, 1947. The result will be a rebate of tax equal to the difference between what he paid as a single man and what he would have had to pay as a married man.

If he marries late in the year the rebate will be big because he will have paid for nearly a whole year as a single man. On the other hand, if he marries early in the year the rebate will be small. But the final result will be the same in each case.

If the man marries early in March and advises the Inspector of Taxes immediately, a new Code Number can be issued before the last pay-day in the 1947-48 year. Otherwise there will be a long delay before the rebate can be issued.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

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